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MEMORIAL DAY.

BY WM. JAMES.

They are not dead, those who have fought and fallen,
The grand, brave souls who counted life not dear;
Deep in the nation's heart their memory's cherished,
Through the great changes of each passing year.
Death is earth's language when the life pulse ceases,
But Jesus used a sweeter word by far;
Sleep is heaven's language to the broken-hearted;
Though now unseen, yet still "our friends" they are.
From nature's store so beautiful and bounteous,
We recently culled the choicest blooms,
And placed them in their purity and fragrance,
With loving hands, upon our soldiers' tombs.
Faint emblems of our heart's sincere devotion,
That know no change along time's varying way,
For heroes sleeping till the dawn of morning,
We sacred keep each year Memorial Day.

NEW ORLEANS UNIVERSITY.

BY BISHOP W. F. MALLALIEU.

A good many readers of ZION'S HERALD have had their attention called to this institution the past eighteen months, and they are not altogether unacquainted with its history and present condition. It may as well be stated that it is not quite equal, as yet, to Boston University, nor Harvard, nor Yale, but it is larger than either of them if we go back far enough in our comparison. It may also be said that there has been a large and hopeful development of this institution within the last three years. Its courses of study have been enlarged and improved, the number of its teachers increased, and the grade of its students considerably advanced. While the preparatory department has been cared for, the higher range of studies has been entered upon by more and able students than in former years. The Gilbert Haven School of Theology connected with the University affords the preachers of the city an exceptionally favorable opportunity to pursue courses of study which must add greatly to their usefulness in the after years of their ministry.

It may encourage the friends in New England to know that the many books sent to us for the University and other institutions have been of great value. We now have a library that would cost probably about \$8,000, if the books were purchased new. Almost all of these books are just as good for all practical purposes as if they were just out of the press. A little incident of peculiar interest took place in the chapel, where the books are shelved temporarily, on the occasion of the visit of Bishops Bowman and Walden to the city at the groundbreaking for the new building. The students were assembled in the chapel, and Bishop Bowman was making an address to them, and telling of how and when and where he was converted. While he was talking, Bishop Walden, who was sitting near one of the rows of shelves, reached out his hand and took down one of the books that contained an account of Cazenovia Seminary, where Bishop Bowman was converted. The book contained a picture of the main building of the institution. Bishop Walden passed the book to Bishop Bowman while the latter was still speaking; he looked at the picture for a moment, and then with great feeling said: "Yes, this is it, the dear old school, and this is the very room where I found peace to my soul through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." These lines may fall under the eye of the very person who sent the book; if so, it will be a satisfaction to know that the act was not in vain, for the incident produced a profound impression upon the whole school, and emphasized the very excellent speech of the senior Bishop.

usefulness. It may occur to some that where books are sent from so many different people, there would be many duplicates, especially when it is considered that most of the people sending are Methodists. It is true that there are a good number of duplicates, but not nearly as many as might be supposed. However many there may be, they are not wasted. We have other schools in the Southwest besides New Orleans University, and hence when a quantity of these duplicates has accumulated, they are shipped to some other school, so that really there is no waste. The writer begs leave to return his sincere and grateful thanks to any one who has in any way, or to any extent whatever, responded to the call for help which from time to time he has made. This bread cast upon the waters will return again; it will continue to bless many hungry souls; it may add to the heavenly treasures.

The present interest connected with the institution concentrates itself about the new building now going up, or, rather, started, and upon which there has been a temporary suspension for want of funds. The foundations are complete, the timbers for the first floor are all laid, and everything is in readiness for progress. But alas! alas! the work lingers for want of sufficient money; we must not run in debt, and this building must go up without trouncing upon the regular income of the Freedmen's Aid Society. Dr. Hartzell and the writer are at work on this undertaking. It is going to succeed; in fact, it must succeed. The money keeps coming, here a little and there a little. Hearts are touched by the appeals that are made, and responses come that cheer and encourage. Only yesterday, in distant and historic Vicksburg, a letter came from one of God's blessed saints, bringing a check for \$500. How blessed to be able thus to help the needy! If more blessed than to receive, the donor, a good Christian woman of Pennsylvania, must indeed be a happy soul. How it lightens the burden to have a strong, willing and loving hand come to the help of one who strives to carry loads beyond his strength. It is to be hoped that the work on the building will be speedily resumed and pressed forward to the end. The building when completed will be worthy of our church, and worthy of the great avenue upon which it is situated; and when done it will be one of the most commodious, elegant and harmonious buildings in New Orleans. With dormitories, recitation-rooms, chapel and dining-room combined, it will well accommodate nearly two hundred pupils. Long as it shall stand, it will be a perpetual benediction and blessing to the people of the great Southwest. It will not be out of place in this connection to say that the opportunity still exists to aid this deserving enterprise. There are not a few who will read these lines who might, if they would, give ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, five hundred or a thousand dollars to the most Christian enterprise, and never miss the giving.

The building furnished will probably cost not far from \$40,000, and we are patiently and yet hopefully waiting for the man or woman who will give us \$20,000 and have the building bear the name of the individual. It is an opportunity that does not often come, to plant a memorial on the great thoroughfare of a great city. But here is the chance: — Memorial Hall. Who will all the blank with his or her name? The marble tablet can be found, the proper inscription made, and the thing settled for generations. It is an easy way to hand down an honorable name to the future. Not a few spend as much in building tombs or sepulchres for themselves. Would it not be infinitely better for such people to be content with less costly and elaborate burial, and place the money where it will bring light and knowledge, life intellectual and spiritual, to perishing souls? How great the needs, how precious the opportunity, how sure the reward! Let it be remembered that the money expended by our church in the South has not been wasted; it has not been squandered; it has not been unwisely invested. Great as have been our successes in many foreign fields, the results of expenditures in the South have been more dollar for dollar than in any other field. The money put in is well invested. God has

owned and blessed our work, and in all the past there was never more than now the greatest possible encouragement to give and toil for our enterprises in the South. May God breathe the spirit of faith and helpfulness into many souls!

FANATICISM A PRESENT PERIL.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

Fanatic is a word which has been doing about with too great carelessness. It has been made a medium of malice and an engine of injustice. Some of the best men of the ages, of whom the world was not worthy — the early Christians, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, Abolitionists, Prohibitionists — have been freely branded with this epithet, simply because they boldly lifted their voice against popular sin. Nothing is easier than to cast this reproach. Nothing is meaner or more unfair than to cast it without sufficient reason.

Nevertheless, we cannot afford to forget that there certainly is such a thing as fanaticism strictly and rightly so called. There have been many cases where the use of the term has been amply justified by history. There were real fanatics among the early Christians, among the Puritans, among the Methodists. Wesley had much trouble with George Bull and Thomas Maxfield, who claimed to be infallible, to be above temptation, to be able to effect miraculous cures, to foretell the date of the end of the world, and so forth. Luther had still greater trouble with the fanatical men of Münster, the prophets of Zwicken and others, who claimed divine revelations for all their abominable excesses against the government, the churches, and the clergy, and came near wrecking the Reformation. In fact, genuine reformers have nearly always had to contend not simply with the upholders of old abuses, but with some of their own followers or pretended supporters who had a zeal not according to knowledge.

It is indeed by no means easy at all times to separate the reformer from the fanatic, for the latter will always call himself a reformer, although he is in truth a defamer, and will prate loudly about persecution for righteousness' sake when he is being simply punished for his sins. No one, of course, counts himself a fanatic, just as nobody considers himself insane. And just as the border line between insanity and its opposite is extremely difficult to determine, precisely so is it with the border line of fanaticism; for this latter is really a kind of mental disorder so closely allied to insanity that it may fitly be termed a species of it. The chief practical embarrassment is with those delicate shades, or incipient touches, of fanaticism shared in by those who on other subjects, or on other branches of the same subject, are entirely sound.

In a matter of such delicacy, sure to stir strong feelings and arouse vigorous resentment, no progress will be made, no profit will ensue, unless extreme care be taken with the definition of the term. What is fanaticism? It is not simply being a radical reformer with a wisdom and will in advance of one's time. Neither is it simply the holding of extreme, impracticable, disorganizing views on public questions. The nihilists and anarchists are not true fanatics.

A fanatic is one who disregards reason under the plea of direct guidance from heaven. He is given over to wild, extravagant notions under the influence of a heated imagination, which he calls special divine inspiration. He shuts the eyes upon understanding, that he may act upon impressions, taking it for granted that these impressions are from God.

Such was plainly the character of the fanatics above mentioned, and of many others that all history agrees in marking down among its dangerous class. Such, also, is the plain implication of the word itself. Fanaticism is from the Latin *fana*, "shrines," and hence originally meant filled with the influences supposed to come from the shrines or temples of the deity. Its Greek equivalent, used as synonymous with it in the last century, "enthusiasm," has also the same meaning, being from *en*, within, and *theos*, God; an enthusiast, or fanatic, was one who claimed to have God within him and to act upon a divine impulse.

Fanaticism, then, is directly opposed to reason and common-sense,

also to experience and to Scripture soberly, literally interpreted under the guidance of the laws of exegesis. It is a fraud or a delusion, setting itself up, in the name of God, against the word and works of God, in providence and the minds of His creatures. It despises mental discipline, intellectual culture, and scholarly attainments, that it may be free to follow its own whims, fancies, and feelings, which it arrogantly or intemperately terms the voice of God. In extreme cases it sometimes throws aside the plainest rules of morality, that it may indulge without restraint its evil passions, all in the name of the highest spirituality. It treats the Bible with most unseemly freedom, considering itself so led by the Spirit as to be lifted far above the book and authorized to twist its words into the most unnatural meanings, paying no heed to what the writer must have intended to convey, using it as a sort of conjuring book to be opened at random, a bundle of isolated phrases that may be manipulated to suit the mood of the hour, or the exigencies of some pet theory. It expects to attain its ends without using the ordinary means connected by God with those ends; to understand the Scriptures without studying them, to speak properly in public without preparation, to reach maturity of Christian experience without growth, to keep well although disregarding the laws of health, and to get well although disregarding the laws of recovery. It has been pronounced, by Mackintosh, "the most incurable of all mental diseases, because in all its forms it is distinguished by a sort of mad contempt for experience which alone can correct the errors of practical judgment."

If the above be a correct delineation of fanaticism, it will be readily seen what a perilous thing it is, fraught with how great mischief, and how very hard to correct. Many of our churches and church members are suffering from its inroads. The chief checks to it are to be found in sober reason, plain Scripture, humility, and love. If an opinion or a practice can stand these tests, it is not fanatical. But where these are in any way set aside or depreciated, there fanaticism gains a foothold and runs its destructive course. There is great need that Wesley's words of warning against it be reiterated now, and that his wise counsel, "O keep at the utmost distance from it," be strictly followed.

THE OLD WAR DAYS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Ah, there is the music of the band,
Sweet and plaintive, echoing from the
old cemetery where the veterans of
the war are laying flowers down on
the graves of their comrades. How
it stirs our memories of the past!

It is not simply a fact of strife that is recalled, the thought of mere war that is revived. We are reminded of a contest between a right and a wrong government and anarchy, equal rights and bondage, civilization going forward as it follows the banners of a noble progress, and barbarism retreating with its evil face to the shadows of the night. And for that principle, the soldier's grave means sacrifice. No cheap cant, but costly offering. No gush of sentiment, but flow of blood. No excitable raving over an idea, but a deliberate laying down of itself.

Is that all? The sacrifice for us ought to suggest a sacrifice by us. It must come in other forms, be made in very different times. The need of standing for the right against the wrong still exists — a stand for the law against lawlessness, for justice against oppression in every form, for the light of God's truth against the darkness of the devil's falsities. We are not only to stand, but, if need be, let the grave with its raised mound be our altar where we shall sacrifice.

THE SOUTH METHODISTS.

BY CAR-WHEEL TOURIST.

I am here in the capital of the Old Dominion, sitting in the hotel, my own host and my own guest. Slipping from home by a journey at sea, I came to Richmond, that, under a Southern sun, I might possibly dissipate a wicked cold, and find a few days of comfortable rest.

The associated press, by fearful mangling, has told you that the General Conference of the South Methodists is in session here. I shall write you my impressions of the Conference, and assume all responsibility for what I may think and may say. I am not unknown to a few members of this great body, and an opportunity was afforded me since I came here, two or three days ago. I have not hesitated to ask many questions concerning the matters of difference between the North Methodists and South Methodists, and without assuming a patronizing air or finding any such feature of false fellowship among the gentlemen who have accorded me a manly and generously Southern welcome, I have neither misunderstood them, nor have they misunderstood me. We differ — that I know, and that they know. I shall speak of some of these differences, and repeat some things spoken in conversation while here.

I will say that I believe neither church, represented in either of the great bodies of ministers or members, fully understands the other. I think they both know very little of each other. I doubt if there are twelve ministers in the New England Conference who can tell the number of Bishops in the Church South, and give their names. I do not believe there are more than that number in this General Conference who can give the number and names of the Bishops in the Church North. A great many dozens in both churches very probably could assume to tell why the two churches never could get along together. And yet Rev. Sam Jones said in his sermon before the Conference and the fraternal delegates yesterday, that he could take this body of Methodists and go through the country, if he had with them all the love they profess to have for each other, and settle in six months the whole business of fraternity, so that it would mean something.

This General Conference is composed of the delegates from thirty-six Annual Conferences and three bodies denominated Missions. The ratio of representation is one clerical delegate to every thirty-six members of an Annual Conference. And lay delegation is nowhere an unknown quantity in the South, laymen being found in both the Annual and General Conferences; they and the ministers are equally divided as to numbers, and, for that matter, I might say as to ability, in both the Conferences. "We have a great interest in the matters of this Conference," said a layman to me yesterday. "We have a great interest in the matters of this Conference, unless the men vote for themselves; and even then, they never could be elected unless some of you laymen went over and helped them." "Very well," he modestly responded, "I presume we have an interest in having something to do."

There are five presiding Bishops, all of whom are, viz.: Rev. Bishops H. N. McIntyre, J. C. Keener, A. W. Wilson, J. C. Granberry, and R. R. Hargrove. Four Bishops have died since the last General Conference. Bishop Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh died at Columbus, Miss., March 19, 1884, in his eighty-second year; Bishop George Foster Pierce died in Spartanburg, S. C., in his seventy-third year, September 3, 1884; each after having served the church for thirty years in the episcopal office. Bishop Robert Paine died October 22, 1882, at Aberdeen, Miss., in his eighty-fourth year, after having filled the office of superintendent for the long period of thirty-six years. Bishop Linus Parker died in New Orleans, La., March 5, 1885, in the fifty-sixth year of his life, in the thirty-sixth year of his ministry, and the third of his episcopacy.

Bishop Holland Nimmons McIntyre, the senior bishop of the board, was elected from the pastorate in the Alabama Conference at the General Conference in New Orleans in 1866. He is the administrator, *primus inter pares*, and author of the "Manual," which corresponds to our "Baker on the Discipline." His manner when presiding reminds one somewhat of Bishop Ames, except he is slower in speech, and seldom attempts a sally of wit. Bishop John Christie Keener was elected from the episcopacy in the Trinity Church, when he preached a most excellent sermon. It was an extempore and expository discourse, such as the first Methodist preachers were accustomed to preach. He came forward to the desk with that deliberate, and, to a Northern man, rather awkward, swing of the Southern man, in his natural gait, and began moderately. He is above the medium height, would be called tall except among tall men, has a becoming presence, a full beard, and reminds me of Rev. Dr. Homer Eaton, of the Troy Conference. He speaks English — rugged, plain English, clearly expressive, well-chosen, at times

choice and eloquent. He has a majesty to his custom in thinking, but is sternly orthodox. There were periods which were pronounced with passionate impulse, and which moved the people perceptibly. It was an old-time sermon of an hour and half in length, but no one was tired. Bishop John Cooper Granberry was a professor in Vanderbilt University when he was elected. He was also elected at the last General Conference. Bishop Robert Keener Hargrove was elected at the last General Conference, but like Bishop Marvin was not a member of the Conference which elected him. He is older looking than either of the two Bishops elected with him, and presides with much care. He is apparently more affable in his manners than some of the other Bishops, and was probably popular with the preachers when elected rather than pre-eminent for his abilities.

There are nearly three hundred members in the Conference, lay and clerical. Many conspicuous men have been engaged in the discussions, and some have distinguished themselves since coming here. One member has been a United States Senator, others members of Congress, supreme judges of the State courts, and members of the Legislatures; and many are the men who were colonels, majors, chaplains, captains, and other officers in the Confederate Army. Not a few men carry mementos of that awful Northern and Southern duel in pockets which the bullets made for themselves. The "old war horse," Rev. Dr. J. B. McFerrin, of Tennessee, is here, as young and sweet-spirited as Dr. Curry, at Philadelphia.

"Age hath no power o'er his fadeless frame." I can't tell how many times he has been eighty — something-or-other, but he called my name as readily when he met me on the street as I did his. He began going to the General Conferences when the two churches were together in Cincinnati in 1836, and he has gone ever since, wherever the Southern General Conference has gone. The archbishop of the Bishops, he could be elected Pope at this General Conference, if any election could do anything more for him in the minds of his brethren. He sits within the altar rail, where he can put one hand upon the Bishops, when they may need it, and the other upon the Conference, which he very frequently is pleased to do. It would be a shame to have the salt give out which has preserved him thus far, before the day when the two churches shall be one again. The "leader of the house," who has been elected a bishop once, but who could not afford to take it, and has peremptorily declined again, is Dr. A. G. Haygood, of Georgia. He could be elected on the first ballot. After him come the great men among the preachers in a crowd. None are above the others because the others are above the few. Thirty men will be voted for in the preliminaries for Bishops.

The laymen have many influential leaders. Possibly no more careful speaker and impressive shaper of legislation among the young men, with almost equal influence with the older men, can be named than the Hon. Garvin Dugas Shands, Lieut.-Governor of Mississippi. He is of the "New South," a model Southerner. Then ex-Senator Hereford, of West Virginia, Judge Jackson, of Georgia, James H. Carlisle, LL.D., president of Wofford College, S. C., Judge J. Wofford Tucker, of Florida, Franklin Porter Laws, esq., of Missouri, Fleming Law, esq., of Alabama, W. W. Walker, of Virginia, and many others, are the eminent and influential laymen. The rich man of all is Colonel Edmund W. Cole, the railroad magnate of Tennessee. Braxton Bragg Comer, esq., from Alabama, from whom I received many courtesies, is the largest planter in the Southern Church, and a Northern-Southerner, only thirty-eight years of age. The prince of merchants, who is building the "Tremont Street Church" of Richmond, and who enjoys the finest residence in the city, though not a member of the Conference, is James B. Pace, esq. He entertains, beside all the generosity shown to the guests in his home, twenty-three delegates at the first hotel in town.

Much must be said in another letter, and more left unsaid which the Northern churches ought to know, but I heard the announcement of a new epoch in the Conference, which will signalize the short stay of the South Methodists in the heart of Virginia for all time to come; and lest our fraternal delegate may not report it to the church before his official appearance at the next General Conference, this letter, at the risk of being long, must report it here. I listened to the pleading of the fraternal delegate from the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America — that body now numbering one hundred thousand members, and thrust off to care for themselves, after the war, by the white church — as he begged the Conference, in the name of our common Father and common Lord, to send them white preachers as well as white teachers in the South. He bore, also, the message of his church signed officially, begging these "crumbs from the children's table." My blood boiled, and my heart leaped into my mouth, as I remembered the voices now heard in my home church, one calling for the white preachers to begone from the colored Conferences, and another for both white preachers and white laymen to keep away from Southern territory,

and then from some places to withdraw. I turned instinctively to the nearest man in the seat in front of me, and said to him, "That dates a new era in your Methodism." "Yes, sir," said he with an emphasis which told me he had heard the whisperings of God re-uttered from his own conscience. I could scarcely wait to say to the man, too large, like David Davis, for any seat in the senate of his church, "My brother, have you lived to see this day?" "Yes, sir," said he, "and we'll send them white preachers too; if not from this General Conference, then from the next one." Ghost of Gilbert Haven! how came you in the South Church's "broader Jasper" is right; "de sun, he do move."

I affirmed, years ago, this would come, when we ceased by authority to assert in the South that a man was a man if he were black, and that what we were calling a matter of taste, was a matter of the Sermon on the Mount. I could not make the people of New England believe that the man brought to my house from the church in Georgia was sincere. And yet they called him "a traitor" at home, branded him "an amalgamationist," and the author of "A Fool's Errand" told me he would yet have to leave the South or be hung. Will ye now hear why he would not be Bishop? He stands at the head of thirty-five preachers in this Conference, ordained since the war, and as many laymen more, born since the close of the Mexican War. There are less "old sagers" in this Conference than ever before. The South Methodists have moved up and are all "in Richmond" at the end of this four years — their historic quadrennium. They and we are near the end of the war. Sherman has gone on his march to the sea. Jefferson Davis has heard in the church — remember in the church — the last secure place he was to see — has heard, I say, from General Lee. The soldiers are evacuating Petersburg, and the end now will be.

To-morrow will be the election of the Bishops, and I will be on the sea, but not "at sea" as to who they will be. Out of the four, I think I could name three. But you will know in Boston, where I only can surely find out. Let this mind, however, be in you, which is in me, this Conference will elect no "Bourbon" a B —

Richmond, Va.

Passing Comment.

BY SITO.

A zealous, warm-hearted Methodist minister recently wrote a letter to the *Chicago Universalist*, which he evidently thought to be a very luminous exposition of Methodist theology. By this time, however, he probably has changed his mind, as the editor of the *Universalist* distinguished him with a pertinent quotation from Watson's Institutes. The moral to this is: That if our preachers should become thoroughly versed in Watson's Institutes and Fletcher's Checks, they would be masters of a good deal of wholesome theology and avoid some embarrassing blunders.

The *Christian Register* allows that "the clergymen of Cleveland, and some two hundred ministers in Rhode Island, have undertaken to boycott the Sunday papers; but attempts to scare the boycott off by assuring them that 'their efforts will be about as effectual as the Pope's bull against the comet.' Possibly the Sunday papers may stay, as they have a few friends who are determined nothing shall be boycotted but evangelical truth."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* seems bent on uttering the square truth. It says: —

"When an earnest man is sent 'abroad' to save a church or school, he flies to the cities and larger towns, obtains a list of prominent, liberal Methodist laymen; plods from home to home and office to office, and finally departs in lament over the 'stinginess and narrowness of churchmen who, he now thinks, do not deserve their reputations for liberality.'"

Evidently the *Northwestern* has met some of the generous slanderers who have so pertinaciously begged New England Methodism and then defamed it. And their grippacks are already packed for another raid.

No doubt the man who heard the versatile editor of the *Christian Advocate* lecturing in Philadelphia on Science, and found the substance of the lecture in the People's Cyclopaedia in the article "Science," thought he was bringing to light at least a case of "unconscious absorption" when he wrote a letter to the aforesaid editor setting forth the aforesaid facts; but he must have been dumfounded and thoroughly disgusted when informed that the lecturer was the author of the article, and made it out of the lecture.

The *Western Christian Advocate*, in commenting on the arrest and imprisonment of members of the Salvation Army in Newark, Ohio, because they refused to be silent in the streets, says: "Circuses and brass bands go crashing by the chambers of invalids every day, and no arrests are made;" and adds: "We are not in favor of letting the devil make all the noise in the streets." In Boston the officers of the law clothed with its mightiness have arrested some of its first citizens for reading the Scriptures on the Common on Sunday, and as an offset have spent a moiety of their time in protecting the perpetrators of great and glaring Sunday desecrations.

Miscellaneous.

CONFERENCE SERMON.

BY REV. F. M. VINTON.

"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalted itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 Cor. 10: 5.

(Continued.)

Our second statement relates to the equipment of the church, by means of which it is to achieve this triumph over the world. The expression, "weapons of our warfare," alludes to this equipment, which consists of a variety of instruments of war.

It is my purpose to note but one of these, and then connect it with certain soldierly qualities, without which even a divine weapon would be useless. In ancient warfare the sword was the chief reliance of the soldier. Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians, puts the whole armature of the soldier under symbolization, in which he gives to the sword its first importance. This weapon is the "Word of God," the "Sword of the Spirit." This is the hands of the church proclaiming her mission of holy aggression and conquest. With it the church is invulnerable in defence, irresistible in attack. It is the Christian's assurance, the soldier's despair. Ingersoll in his assault on the Bible, is like a grinning clown on a raft, blowing out his cheeks full of wind at an ironclad. Let us as a church be armed with this sword. Let us never relax our grasp upon the hilt of this sword. Let us never moderate the emphasis that we have ever placed upon "Thus saith the Lord." Let others if they will invade the sanctity of this holy Book, and seek to invalidate its high authority, assuming a wisdom of their own to which its sacred doctrines, its mysteries and its miracles, are to be brought as to a final standard of appeal. O what arrogance of ignorance is in this assumption! What measureless conceit of a little knowledge! It is as if a glow-worm and the grass, should lift up its tiny lantern, and flaunting it to the stars, exclaim, behold how in my light are revealed the mysteries of the universe. But let us reaffirm these sacred oracles. Let us stand by them as true soldiers stand by their guns on a battle-field. These oracles are indeed the guns of God double-studded with power for the demolition of all the strongholds of sin. We surely need them, and stand by them, for their thundering in two continents was the birth-cry of our church.

Let others, if they will, through bias and bog pursue the ignis fatuus of speculation, but let us keep to the old paths, trodden to macadamized firmness by the feet of patriarchs and prophets, and the elect of all ages. Let others, if they will, try to light up this world with the murky incandescence of phlogiston, or the Concord philosophers and the whole brood of Emersonian satellites and rhapsodists. Their "scheme of things" is as luminous as the fogs of Concord meadows. And as these exhalations of the night are dissipated at the day's return, so these intellectual vapors or vaporings will be swept away before the brightness of His rising word, the "Light of the world." Let the church of God cling to its sure word of prophecy, which is as a light that shineth in a dark place. O let the church be not like that little academic rector hidden away in a Concord nook and dedicated to a meagre coterie of souls who think to find out all knowledge by the glimmerings of that reason which at its best estate is as uncertain as the first flitting of a night through the thin rifts of gloomy clouds drifting in the darkness of the night; but let it be like a lofty and enduring pharos upon the shore of time, lifting up before the face of all nations the candle of the Lord, which is His Word, which is a light unto the feet of nations as well as to the feet of sinners; without which every path leads on to deeper gloom, but with which, ever onward into diviner light. Blessed word!

"On every leaf beaded with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal herald
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last."

I wish now for a little time to consider that the church, in order to conduct this conflict to a more speedy and successful issue, should possess some of the more important of the martial qualities. Of these I shall name but two. The first is ardor.

Ardor is power. The *esprit de corps*, the enthusiasm of the army, is a more important factor in the determination of victory than bursting shell, or leaden storm of death. There is no principle of more importance to the church than enthusiasm. We need this more to-day than we do a more Biblical theology, or a wiser politics, or larger financial resources. O for a baptism of intelligent enthusiasm! This is inseparable from the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Pentecost brought it. It filled the disciples with irresistible ardor. It instigated an immediate attack upon the outside world, which was so sinister and resistless that three thousand prisoners were captured in a single day. What a victory, and upon what a field I love to think that the first conflict between the inspired church and the world took place, not only in Jerusalem, but possibly in the veritable Via Dolorosa, where the wretched mob of yesterday ragged the Lamb of God, and where, on one hand, might be seen Herod's palace and Pilate's judgment hall, and on the other, Calvary, whereon perance was yet standing the tragic cross, dark with the stains of His blood, who was now presented to His murderers as the object of their faith, and the dispenser of salvation. This enthusiasm did not expend itself in a day. It was the abiding characteristic of the apostolic church.

In thirty years from Pentecost the Gospel had won its victories all about the populous shores of the Mediterranean and in the east beside the Indus, in the west beyond the gory altars of the Druids in the forests of Britain, in the north among the fierce Scythians beyond the Caucasus, and to the south among the Ethiopians beyond the catenae of the Nile. And this all was achieved in the face of the terrible Neroian persecution. The appalling scenes of the Roman circus could not check this holy ardor. Vain were the wild bull's fury and the tiger's rage; vain the dungeon, the sword and the flames. Onward swept the tide of holy fervor as sweeps the ocean tide.

"Let counter currents flow
And adverse tides be blown
And rivers all outpour;
Still onward comes the tide
And mounts with swelling pride
The conquered shore."

As a church, our ardor has been our glory. Our doctrines have been a fountain of awakening power. They have vitalized, yes, resurrected from the dead, the theology of the age. Our singing has electrified the world. Our usages, once looked upon with suspicion and distrust, are imitated by others. Our enthusiasm has been contagious. Oh, let not our ardor ever be less, but more! Let not our denominational temperature ever decline, for freezing-point and zero are below! Others today are challenging our zeal, and are unsatisfied to take our crown. The spirit of the general church is aroused and aggressive. I hear the noise of charging legions on this world-wide battle-field. On our right are the Baptists, on our left the Presbyterians, and pressing upon our rear are the Congregationalists. Let the contest advance! Let the bright banners of free and full salvation be borne forward, and keep flying at the foremost point

of the battle. One other, and the highest, of the martial qualities I crave for the church of Christ, namely: The spirit of heroic sacrifice. This is the divinest quality in human character. Wherever exhibited, and in whatever cause, it has power to awaken the highest admiration. The world has its heroes and heroines. There is the heroism of the patriot soldier, as in the case of Winkler, who on the field of Sempach, to save his country from humiliation, threw himself upon the Austrian pikemen, crying: "Make way for liberty!" And as he gathered their deadly points to his loyal heart, and sank in glorious death, his comrades thrust themselves into the little gap, and the thin edge of a wedge, which was driven home till those ranks were riven and scattered, and Switzerland was free. There is the heroism of the patriot statesman, as in the case of Henry, who rose in the House of Burgesses, and with the flame of his eloquence lit the torch of freedom, mid cries of "Treason! treason!" Christian heroism is the highest that can be exhibited by men. Its motives are highest, its results are the most divine. Is this often displayed? Aye, and in a thousand instances of which the world takes little note. I have sometimes heard Bishop Taylor allude to it as a conspicuous example. I think the allusion is eminently just. His utter abnegation of self, the scope of his activities, the largeness and originality of his devotions, and the unquenchable boldness of his faith, all stamp him as one of the most unique and powerful characters of this or any age. I query if this age, with all of its ripeness, is ripe enough for this apostolic saint, this phenomenon, Bishop Taylor I know. His name is a household name through all the Congo country and in regions beyond, where the feet of those brave explorers never tread.

O church of Christ, look up, and discern thy prophets and follow thy leaders into the land which the Lord has given thee! May God bless this grand, heroic leader and help him to open in the heart of Africa the fountains of another Nile whose waters of salvation shall flow through distant ages. To my mind the man who gave our text to the church, was a peerless example of this heroism. See him anywhere, and he seems like a voltaic pile of heroic power. Whether among the churches, or before mobs or magistrates, in freedom or bonds, in Jerusalem or Athens, or Rome, he is ever the same incomparable servant of Christ. See him in prison at Philippi. No, you cannot see him, for it is the inner dungeon and the dead of the night. But hark! How deep the stillness! Silence, awe-struck, seems listening as if it heard the footfall of mighty power on its way to vindicate these holy men. Hush, a sound! Something midway between a sigh and a groan, as if one awoke from a dream of suffering into the reality of torture! Now, a voice, and it is the voice of Paul: "Silas! Silas!" "Paul, did you speak?" "Yes, Silas, and I have somewhat to say." "Say on, Paul." "Did we wisely, Silas, in turning back from Bithynia and taking ship from Troas to this unkindly shore? Was the man of Macedonia the illusion of a dream? Shall we have these cruel people, and return to the loom of the churches of Asia?" "O Paul, Paul!" breaks in Silas, "can it be you? Are you not the same as when, without concern for your own life, you withstood the murderous Jews in Damascus and the Grecians in Jerusalem? I remember when they left you for dead outside the walls of Lystra, and you arose and followed your persecutors back into the city. O Paul, it cannot be that you have changed; but if so, and you must return, then tell them in all the churches that Silas is in Europe executing the office of an apostle, happy in his sufferings and eager for a martyr's crown. And—" "O Silas, Silas!" cries Paul with eager joy. "I am bending towards you as far as these cruel stocks will permit. Lead us away, Silas. Let me grasp your hand. Would I could climb you to my heart as a worthy yoke-fellow with me in the bonds of the Gospel. I was but probing thy heart to see if thou wert as I am. I am Paul still. 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Go back! No, not without His will who we serve. Here we will stay; we will sow the seed corn of divine truth over these lands. Alas, it is springing up by the river side in this same Philippi. We will sow it from the summit of Mars Hill, over Athens. The gods of the Acropolis shall depart, the Parthenon shall become a temple of praise, and paganism shall flee out of Europe." Then he prays. He prays for strength to suffer; prays for deliverance; prays a prayer of thanksgiving for the privileges of an apostle. Then strikes the prayer into a song of triumph; Silas strikes in. Such a song surely that prison never heard before. That song in that dungeon breaking out at the dead of the night was like the birth of hope in the bosom of despair. It was heard in heaven. It overpowered the angel's singing. Faint grew the sound of the harp as the thunders beat down these stern strains diviner than their own. God listened well pleased, and to that soaring melody He attuned the sub-bass of the earthquake's thundering. And the foundations of the prison were shaken, and every man's bonds were loosed, while God set in the prospective crowns of His heroic disciples, jewels as priceless as the immortal souls of the jailer and his household.

May the Holy Spirit enkindle anew the ardor of the church, and make her ministry and laity an army of the heroes of faith! Oh, let us one and all be joined to this army! Let us be armed with the conquering Word of God, and baptized with holy ardor. Let us throw ourselves with heroic self-sacrifice upon the foe, and then, and then, it may be in the midst of the battle, we shall hear a voice from heaven, sweetly stealing through the din of the strife, saying unto us: "Well done, faithful soldier, sheathe thy sword and take thy crown!"

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
Incidents from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

After a delightful winter spent among the orange groves, orchards, flower gardens and green valleys of California, I turn my face to the East with health restored and body and mind full of vigor, longing for active pursuits once again. The train for the East starts from Los Angeles at 7 A. M., and with baggage checked and sleeping apartment secured, I find myself in a car of entire strangers, speeding on my way towards the rising sun. It does not usually take long in this western country to "break the ice" and become acquainted. There are no set rules of etiquette to be observed as at the East, therefore before many hours had passed, the occupants of our railroad home were no longer strangers, and with a few exceptions were ready to

know and be known. No more genial, jolly set of mortals were ever thrown together for a long journey than this car. The interchange of thought was most agreeable, and episodes so light was continually happening tended to bring each day to its close with thankfulness for such companions of travel. The jolly doctor from "away down in Maine" never came up missing, but was always on hand with a story quite to the point. I shall never forget him—he was my bosom companion of the trip.

A land-slide up in the San Bernardino Mountains submerged the track, and for twenty-four hours our car was sidetracked at the city of San Bernardino, with the beautiful valley spread out on each side and the grand old mountains with caps of perpetual snow standing like sentinels before us. Our party had time to take in the beauties of a region which is famed for its fruitage and scenery. On Friday the road was opened, and we sped onward and upward from the summer land of the valley to chill winter of the mountains—transition in a few hours.

Saturday a musical society was organized, and practice commenced. It was a choir of which I felt proud. It was a "star" choir, and the harmony brought not only applause from the auditors, but tears—real Simon-pure tears. The occupants in other cars came in, and when the rehearsal closed at 9 P. M. they reluctantly withdrew, and soon quiet and rest settled down upon the weary travelers.

Sunday morning dawned bright and fair, and the conventional Boston baked beans and brown bread graced many a breakfast board in our car. A dream of home came with the acceptable fruit which has received such a world-wide fame. After the breakfast hour, reading and meditation seemed to be the order generally adopted, and not a few took the Word as the best suited to the day and the wants of the soul. After dinner a few young men suggested that a game of cards would not be out of place on a train. A table was prepared and the cards produced, when I stepped to their compartment and pleasantly remarked, "Excuse me, my young friends, but let me suggest this for your playing cards on the Sabbath, don't do an act away from home that you would not do at home. Think whether your parents and friends would approve such a thing were they here to see you." All but one thanked me and stopped the game; that one, deeply provoked, threw epithets in my face and remarked, "You'd better begin a revival meeting and try to convert us heathen. Perhaps Sam Jones sent you out as a missionary," etc. I replied, "I do not care to say a word in reply until you get over your passion. When you do, I have something to say." An hour later I met him and said, "Let us have another rehearsal." He had a fine tenor voice. He looked at me and said, "No, I won't." Not another word was said at that time. The half dozen beside who made up "our choir" of the day before came together, and the first selection was, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," etc., to the familiar tune of Hebron. Then "Salvation, O Salvation," followed by "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly." "Rock of ages, cleft for me," "I love to tell the story," and "Home, Sweet Home." During the singing of the last-named piece the young man came and took a seat beside me and joined with us. He was deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. Super time had come, and I invited him to lunch with me and my friend, which he accepted. During the repast he told me he was hasty and wrong, and asked me to forgive his pet. He said, "It touched me when you said, don't differ here than you would at home in presence of your mother. I have a Christian mother, and I know she would not approve such an act as we were to attempt when you spoke. I am glad you spoke as you did. I feel better than if I had played cards on the Sabbath day. God bless you for it!" I thanked him for his frankness, and we were firm friends from that hour.

After the lamps were lighted, the choir resumed their place, and many of the old and familiar tunes were sung. Many came from the other car, and all kept quiet except a business man from Omaha and a mercantile drummer from Chicago. They had "smiled" several times too much, and grew loud and disturbing in their behavior. I went to them pleasantly and asked if they would not remain quiet until we were through. The man from Omaha said yes, if I would let him preach a sermon when through. I told him he could. The singing proceeded without further interruption. "Sweet By and By," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Marching on," "Shall we sing in heaven?" "The old, old story," "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the doxology closed the evening's exercises. It was an evening of real satisfaction, and one which will not soon be forgotten by those present. The man who wished to preach, decided to defer his sermon to a later date, and soon rose for the inmates of the car that was bounding over the plain at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Monday came with its bright sunlight, and with its cheerful salutations another train-day was commenced. The varied sights as we sped along and the friendly interests so soon created between fellow-travelers, combined to make the time pass almost unconsciously away. The two "smiling" friends of the night before came in for a visit after the dinner hour and thanked us for giving them and friends in the adjoining car so much pleasure. They asked pardon for disturbing us the night before. The apology was granted sufficient. "D—If I ever had psalm tunes take hold of me like that; it must be that I'm getting tender." "Strange! I hadn't been to church for a dozen years. Just strike up a few more of

em for us. Them tunes makes a feller think of the old home in New England when I'm a boy." "A few more of 'em," "was struck up," with a will, and the two strangers joined in harmonious voice. Better than a sermon was that music on the train. It brought back to more than one heart the emotions of youth, and quickened into new being a thought for the future as we passed "over the river." The music of the train! It might not be of that fine quality which would please a cultured audience in a palace church, but it brought back many a mother's prayer, and made firmer the purpose to lead a better life.

From my New England home I look back upon a trip of several months to the Pacific Slope with great satisfaction. I look upon California as a wonderful State. A trip thither will undoubtedly restore many a wasting body to health and strength. It has a climate unsurpassed. It has a country, in all particulars, unequalled, I believe, on the globe. Not only are most semi-tropical and tropical fruits produced abundantly and with profit, but all products which are profitable at the East grow equally well there. Diseases which are found and feared in most warm regions are not found here. Malaria is little known in most parts of the State, which is so prevalent in some of the Southern States.

The three Southern counties, San Diego, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles, I regard with the greatest favor of any portion of the State. The conditions are better for oranges, lemons, figs, olives, prunes, apricots, peaches, and all varieties of grapes, than further north. A close and careful observation leads me to believe that San Diego is best of the three, with San Bernardino next. An important item just now about these two counties, is that desirable or choice land can be obtained for a less price, and the future of these counties is most auspicious.

San Diego City is a point which must attract every lover of nature, climate and industrial progress. About fifteen miles from the city is the noted valley of the El Cajon, which has such a just celebrity for producing raisin grapes as well as other fruits. It is also celebrated as a sanitarium and for marvelous scenery. No one should visit California without seeing this valley.

I shall be glad in a future article to give your readers some account of raisin culture, which may prove interesting.

Cambridge, Mass., April, 1886.

METHODIST EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. J. E. ROHNS.

Methodism in New England, and especially in New Hampshire, has had to struggle against fearful odds all the way along. Methodism found at the first the ground pre-occupied by conservative Congregationalism. This was practically the State church, and claimed the position by right of possession. Noisy Methodism, an intruder, uncultured in the school of letters, cutting across the infinite decrees, thundering in the ears of a sleeping Israel, could not, and would not, be appreciated by the elect."

Methodism, the child of Providence, however, could not perish in the wilderness. Good feeds and shelters His own. The child lives, lives to-day, not as an outcast, but a legitimate heir of heaven, and is now recognized by her elder sister as one of the great Christian family. The way up to recognition has not been strewn with roses; but the position being gained, we can but be thankful. The child has been a great blessing to the family; has now the respect and love of all.

But the work of Methodism does not stop now; "here is not our rest." Life is a continuous effort. Spiritual life necessitates continuous effort. "Sure we must fight, if we would reign." The deities of immortality do not rest upon the sleepers' porch. Our Zion must "arise and shine," march forth, "as an army with banners," and take New Hampshire for the Lord.

Our population is changing. The infidelity and bigotry of Europe are entering our doors. Knotty problems in State, and stubborn questions in morals, are arising. The situation is becoming more and more perplexing and alarming. New Hampshire, unsurpassed for sublimity of scenery, finds her beauty a source of greatest danger. Our summer season is a grand holiday. The wealth and the foolishness of the world come hither, regardless of God and humanity. The Sabbath is desecrated; intemperance popularized; expensive habits inculcated. Card-playing, dancing, softness and looseness fill the atmosphere with a malaria that is death to all true spiritual life. What is to be done about it? We cannot and would not shut out the tourists, as the Pacific coast does the Chinese. Our clear atmosphere, pure waters, and grand old mountains are the Lord's, and the world will come here for rest, health and pleasure. We must accept the situation, and work it for the Lord to the best of our ability, supplemented by divine grace.

With open eyes we should take in the situation. Our youth are in danger; we must protect them. How? There is but one answer: by a thorough Christian education. Our secular schools of a high scholastic order by no means meet the emergency. With God left out, our youth may be cultured into perdition. The Methodist Church of New Hampshire has a work before her of no small magnitude. May God give her grace and wisdom for the hour! Our little churches—not a few—must be sustained. The consecrated wealth of our church must come to their assistance. While we may expect large things from the greatly prospected, the little straws and drops of dew must not be passed by and forgotten. God's treasury is open to receive even the two mites of the poor widow. Our smaller churches

es—and they are in the majority—have, and must ever look to, our school at Tilton for the education of their pastors. If Tilton should cease to be, Methodism would practically die out of New Hampshire in a decade. Methodism must look carefully after her educational interests at Tilton as a matter of self-preservation. This institution is the brain and heart of our church. We must prayerfully and financially nourish it, or the church body will surely weaken and die.

Methodism brought us to Christ. Let us remember the Master with a "thank-offering" for Tilton; so that our sons and daughters may be thrown under like precious influences, and that the church of our love may not languish. This is the critical period in the history of our institution. Her accommodations are inadequate, her walls are crumbling, and our pupils are seeking a school-home elsewhere. No subject comes so near to the heart of our Conference as Tilton. Something must be done, and done quickly. So vital are the interests of our church in connection with our school, that the Conference by unanimous vote ordered the month of May to be set apart for special work for our Seminary. All our pastors will preach on this subject; and it is expected that at least a dollar a member will be realized from all our communicants for this important enterprise.

May "good tidings" come up from all the churches, and "praise God" ring throughout all our borders!

LITTLETON, N. H.

LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

BY F. H. SEAGER.

The new French Methodist Episcopal Church in Kankakee, Illinois, was dedicated last October. It is claimed to be the first of its class in the United States, though there is a counter claim for a church built in Detroit two or three decades ago. The mission here embraces several other preaching places and classes, but no other church building as yet. There is a large French population, chiefly of Canadian origin, in this and adjoining counties.

A detachment of the Salvation Army reached this place last fall, and has been at work ever since. The parties from whom they rented a hall, stipulated that they should not parade the streets with instrumental music on Sunday. They have, in fact, made little use of street displays on any day, yet have generally had their large hall filled, often to the extent of discomfort, seven nights in the week, month after month. Their regular leaders, the greater part of the time, have been two girls, both under twenty years of age, whose equals, in natural and acquired ability, might seemingly be found in almost any community. Other leaders, probably of higher rank in the Army, have occasionally been with them for a short time.

No concerted support has been given them by the churches as such, though many individual church members have joined in their work more or less. They have indulged in comparatively little denunciation of churches or their members—certainly far less than the Chicago—where they have combined to listen to from Sam Jones and Sam Small.

Some of the results are a hundred and fifty or two hundred converts, most of whom have been organized into a post of their own order, though a considerable number have joined one or other of the churches. Some of their converts have been from among the roughest and most dissipated classes, while on the other hand some prominent church members have been indebted to them for leading their children to Christ. Of their converts who have offered themselves to the churches, I have heard of none who have been rejected, from doubt of the reality of their conversion. Meantime, in the city of many churches, I suppose it will not be claimed that all together have gained as many converts as the Army alone.

I do not claim that this is a full presentation of this subject in all its bearings, nor can I tell whether the Army can permanently hold up in Christian character those they have won. But as the case stands, it affords food for thought. Our experience with the Army does not seem to correspond in many respects with what we read of them in other places. Perhaps there are Salvation Armies and Salvation Armies, just as there are churches and churches.

During the winter, extensive revivals have taken place in the Methodist churches in this and adjoining counties, many of them more sweeping than for many years, some more than ever before known in the places where they have occurred. Comparatively few charges have been without more or less share in the good work.

Kankakee, Ill.

Ohio Wesleyan University.

Francis Murphy recently addressed the students of the Ohio Wesleyan University. After the address, President Payne called upon them to sign the pledge, and nearly every student out of the five hundred or six hundred present responded, and put on the blue ribbon. Tippling is thoroughly unpopular in this institution, and the public may look to it for a noble band of temperance workers. Mrs. Ann Jones recently gave to the Ohio Wesleyan University \$3,500 in cash, upon which she is to receive an annuity. This is a very unusual and satisfactory form of benevolence for those who have some means, but need the income during their lives. Several such persons are now in correspondence with President Payne, and he will be glad to correspond with others who may wish to make such a disposition of means at their command.

Our Book Table.

HISTORY OF INTERPRETATION, by Frederick W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 8vo, 553 pp., \$3.50. This volume embodies eight lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, on the Bampton Foundation, in 1885. This treatise is not intended to be so much the development of a new system of hermeneutics, as a history of the progressive systems of Biblical interpretation; the causes of the various modifications in seeking to know the mind of the Spirit in the divine Word, and the historic incidents connected with them, with sketches of the leading commentators. The work opens with a general lecture upon the system and failure of these manifold systems of Scriptural exegesis. The second lecture treats at length of Rabbism and the great Rabbinical teachers and their work—the Halakha, the Talmud, the Midrashim, etc. The lecturer then proceeds to discuss the Alexandrian Exegesis, the Septuagint and the allegorical method, Philo and his work. Then comes the Patristic era, and a full consideration of the early fathers, from Clement of Rome to St. Augustine. In the "dark ages" came the scholastic exegesis. With the dawn of the Reformation commences the period of real Biblical criticism, Luther opening the way. The post-Reformation period was marked by bitter doctrinal controversies rather than by ingenious exegesis. The last lecture is devoted to modern interpreters and their work, especially the German and English, closing with a sketch of Taylor Coleridge and his influence upon the minds of leading modern Scripture exegeses, and a general discussion of the relation of Revelation to modern science. The work is written in an attractive style of its popular author, naturally less ornate than his preceding works, from the nature of the subject. The volume is enriched with abundant notes and references to the numerous nature of the author's theme, and will commend itself alike to the Biblical student, and, from its popular style, to the general reader as well. A full index adds greatly to the value of the work, enabling the reader to turn at once to any subject to which he desires to make reference.

THE TWO BOOKS OF NATURE AND REVELATION COLLATED, by George D. Armstrong, D. D., Ex-Proctor in Washington and Lee University, 12mo, \$1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. This volume is another volume and able response to the modern materialistic form of the doctrine of Evolution, a defense of the chronology of the Pentateuch and the Mosaic Cosmogony and origin of man, with a discussion of the Bible doctrine of Providence and Prayer. Taking the most pronounced atheistic view of evolution, the author gives the doctrine no quarters; and he is equally pronounced in his opposition to the modern criticism of the Pentateuch. The work is written with ability, and will meet with the heartiest approval from conservative Biblical scholars, whose faith in Revelation has been in no measure shaken by the critical and scientific theories of our times.

The remarkable volume of Count Leon Tolstoy, entitled "My Religion," has awakened great interest both in the author and in his works. Before publishing his religious treatise, he had already become famous as a literary man. His most noted and popular work is entitled, "WAR AND PEACE; A Historical Novel, covering the 'invasion' during the memorable years before the peace of Tilsit. It gives a very graphic picture of Russian life and society in almost all its phases. Wm. S. Gotsberger, New York, has had an excellent translation made by Clara Bell, and published in two neat 16mo volumes in uniform with the extended series of uniform works of fiction. \$1.75 for the set.

From the same house, on thick, calendered paper, with thirteen illustrations and a portrait, we have a life of the artist, LORENZ ALMA TADEMA, with a descriptive criticism of his works. It is enough to know that the artist was from Sam Jones and Sam Small. Some of the results are a hundred and fifty or two hundred converts, most of whom have been organized into a post of their own order, though a considerable number have joined one or other of the churches. Some of their converts have been from among the roughest and most dissipated classes, while on the other hand some prominent church members have been indebted to them for leading their children to Christ. Of their converts who have offered themselves to the churches, I have heard of none who have been rejected, from doubt of the reality of their conversion. Meantime, in the city of many churches, I suppose it will not be claimed that all together have gained as many converts as the Army alone.

DAVE MARQUAND, by Annette L. Noble, 12mo, \$1.25. New York: National Temperance Publication House. This is a wholesome story of the development both of a worthy Christian character and a quiet, happy home, and of a gay, reckless, worldly life, finally made wretched by a selfish union with a miserable, intemperate, drunken and profane husband. It makes a useful Sunday-school book.

GOOD WORK, by Mary Dwinell Chellis, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50. In this volume the author traces the career of a family of children who were early deprived of a home by the death of their mother, and the desertion of their father. They have a long and hard struggle, but partly by the aid of a strange and eccentric character, Old Towner, a half-breed Indian, and partly by the energy and pluck of the oldest boy, a start is made which enables them to leave the town where they have suffered so much and to find a comfortable home elsewhere. The story of the experiences of the three children in their new home, and of their later and happier life when they had become active members of society, is told in a manner which will thoroughly interest the reader.

THE CHRISTIAN SECRET OF HOLINESS, by Mark Gayne, Price, \$1.00. Boston: The Christian Publishing Association, 16mo, \$1.00. Mr. Gayne is one of the most popular and successful of the present Wesleyan preachers, in the pulpits, on the platform, and as a writer of quiet and rich spiritual volumes. The number of editions which the present work has reached in England is an abundant evidence of this. The volume is not doctrinaire, nor argumentative, but intensely practical, and peculiarly helpful and inspiring. It will hold the reader's attention from first to last, and fill him with ardent desires for the fulfillment of his own conscience. The exceeding great and precious promises of the Gospel. It is a volume for the closet. We heartily commend it to all our readers who are "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." Its reading will be a benediction to them.

Charles Scribner's Sons issue, in paper covers, THE MARK OF CAIN, by Andrew Lang. 25 cents. The volume was re-

ceived from England on Tuesday, and was in print and sent to correspondents on Thursday. It is a powerfully written book, but its subject is a painful one. The picture of the career of a villain is well drawn, and the dark outlines of the story are softened by the successful incidents of two pleasant love affairs.

THE FELLOWS: A Novel, by S. B. Elliott, D. Appleton & Co., New York. Paper covers, 50 cents. The Brownies well wrought out, but is not an agreeable one. A father has lost faith in God and Revelation, and brings up his only daughter (her mother and brother had left their home) in absolute unbelief. The effect of such an absence of faith in God and a future life is powerfully sketched. One may well shrink from such a condition under the most favorable circumstances, but the hero was exasperated by contact with purely worldly and selfish professors of religion. The end is painful enough. On the whole, this volume is a wholesome one.

In Cassell & Company's Rainbow Series (paper covers, 25 cents each), we have an edition of the quaint and improbable, but astonishing and amusing, story of KING SOLOMON'S MINES. They were found in the central portion of Southern Africa. The incidents of the tale might be taken from the Brownies, those of the famous Baron Munchausen.

In Harper's Handy Series we have, "The Evil Genius, a Domestic Story," by Willie Collins; and "An Irish Story, the Absentee," by Maria Edgeworth.

NEW MUSIC.—Some of the best of recent songs have been in commemoration of the heroes of the war for the Union, and in celebration of Memorial Day. Conspicuous among these are Mr. Calcott's soprano solo and quartette, "Hymn of Peace;" Collin Coe's mixed quartette—the one, "Heroes Beloved," the other, "Honor to our Nation's Dead;" Mr. Cartright's quartette, "Still Remembered;" Mr. Leslie's quartette for male voices, "Comrades Sleep, Softly Sleep;" Collin Coe's quartette, "Devoted to the Cause;" and "One Flag, One Country Still;" and Herbert Leslie's duet for soprano and alto, with chorus for mixed voices, "The Flag they Loved us We Love." These are published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, who will send the pieces just named by mail for fifty cents.

Magazines.

In the Century for May we find one of the most valuable numbers yet issued. Fiction and fact, the practical and the scientific, peace and war, poetry and prose, are so admirably combined, with a wealth of eloquent criticism, to leave nothing wanting to make this month monthly a source of knowledge and pleasure to every reader, whatever his taste may be. In "American Country Devils," a poem, Mr. Bryant's Rensselaer brings to our notice some of the finest specimens of our modern architecture in this direction. Mr. Stanley plots us through "The Flouring-mill of Minneapolis," to our ground-floor. In the war papers we have: "From the Peninsula to Antietam," posthumous notes by Gen. McClellan; followed by recollections of "McClellan at the Head of the Grand Army," by Gen. D. H. Hill. Mr. Howells gives us a good illustration of his entertaining serial, "The Breeding of George Grey," a father, philosophy, giving him credit for, or drawing out of his books, more than he ever dreamed of. E. S. Starr has an elegantly illustrated article on "The Breeding of George Grey," a father, philosophy, giving him credit for, or drawing out of his books, more than he ever dreamed of. E. S. Starr has an elegantly illustrated article on "The Breeding of George Grey," a father, philosophy, giving him credit for, or drawing out of his books, more than he ever dreamed of.

The May Wide Awake has a frontispiece called the "Sudden Shower," which is quite appropriate for the glad spring. It is a poem, by the pen of James Berry Bensen, that young poet who has recently laid aside his pen forever and gone to wear his "life crown." "The Top of the Ladder," a poem, by the pen of James Berry Bensen, that young poet who has recently laid aside his pen forever and gone to wear his "life crown." "The Top of the Ladder," a poem, by the pen of James Berry Bensen, that young poet who has recently laid aside his pen forever and gone to wear his "life crown."

The May St. Nicholas opens with a very sweet picture, entitled, "In Spring." When Shakespeare was a boy, and Rose Kingley takes us way back to that long-ago time, and talks to us of the boyhood of Shakespeare. We are permitted, also, to have a peep into "the large schoolroom in the old grammar school at Stratford-upon-Avon," and to see boys fishing in the Avon, and to look upon a bunch of cowboys. "The Girls' Tricory Club" was a perfect success. "Morning Glories" is a short but lovely poem. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is still a very remarkable child. "A Search for the Lace Leaf," reveals curious and interesting facts. "The Caricature Club," an illustration of which is given, is still more wonderful than the lace leaf; and following these, and most wonderful of all, is "vegetable clothing." "St. Nicholas Dog Stories" are very interesting, and disclose the remarkable intelligence of the dog. Truly, the present St. Nicholas is full of wonderful things, for now comes "The Smallest Child in the World," which is carried on by a set of trained dogs. "The Brownies," an illustration of which is given, is still more wonderful than the lace leaf; and following these, and most wonderful of all, is "vegetable clothing." "St. Nicholas Dog Stories" are very interesting, and disclose the remarkable intelligence of the dog. Truly, the present St. Nicholas is full of wonderful things, for now comes "The Smallest Child in the World," which is carried on by a set of trained dogs. "The Brownies," an illustration of which is given, is still more wonderful than the lace leaf; and following these, and most wonderful of all, is "vegetable clothing." "St. Nicholas Dog Stories" are very interesting, and disclose the remarkable intelligence of the dog. Truly, the present St. Nicholas is full of wonderful things, for now comes "The Smallest Child in the World," which is carried on by a set of trained dogs. "The Brownies," an illustration of which is given, is still more wonderful than the lace leaf; and following these,

JAMES P. MAGEE, Agt

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(ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.)

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1886.

Eternal life consists in fellowship of the heart with God, and this fellowship results from a willingness to trust ourselves and everything in life to the wisdom and love of God.

"Though His rod smites sore, His mercy still enfolds His own; God's souls are safe with God."

"No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." We are divinely taught a great truth—that absolute independence among men, is not in God's order. All are mutually dependent; their mutual interests require such dependence, and such dependence calls for mutual helpfulness. To live to one's self is a great wrong, a sin—a selfishness out of harmony with the spirit and genius of Christianity, and at war with every interest of humanity. To extend the helping hand to others, we most effectively help ourselves. He that watereth shall be watered; that blesses others shall be blessed. Unselfish lives! What a blessing to the world! May such lives be ours!

There are multitudes who never seem to have any real pleasures except those of memory or anticipation. Their joys are always past or future. Their watchword is either "Yesterday" or "Tomorrow." To-day is almost entirely overlooked. Their religion is prized for what it has been to them, or what it is to be, rather than for the blessings which it is calculated to confer upon the heart now. In their anticipations of heaven, they overlook the fact that the comforts of the Gospel are as much for the present hour, as for the coming eternity of the soul. Indeed, we all have too little regard for the duties and enjoyments of the passing hour.

Sin is poison to the soul. It disorders its affections, benumbs its moral sense, debilitates its will, produces uncontrollable fever in its passions, and renders it blind to its highest obligations and to the conditions of its well-being. Subjected to its deadly influence, the soul becomes conscious of no life but that of selfishness. It dies to God, becoming irresponsible to every voice of His Spirit, to every claim of His Word. Being thus out of harmony with its natural relations to God, it is, it must be, unhappy. It seeks rest in the earthly, but cannot find it. Even though it gathers much of earth and drinks iniquity from a golden cup, its tormenting unrest is not overcome, but intensified, for "poison is never less than poison though in a golden cup." And the longer it works, the more virulent its action becomes. The element of everlastingness is in it. The end of its working is a death that knows no resurrection. What an awful destiny! And how blind is the folly that persists in drinking this deadly poison in defiance of the great Physician who offers its victim the antidote of His atoning blood, ever whispering in his ear, "Come unto Me," O weary, heavy-laden, self-tormented soul, and "I will give thee rest."

HOW SHALL WE RECEIVE THEM?

We refer to the very appreciative and generous articles of Professor Phelps, noticed to in a previous, and in our last, issue upon "Methodism an Adventurous Type of Christianity." We have been accustomed for three-quarters of a century to a very different style of criticism from the disciples of the church which had been established in New England for nearly two centuries before Methodism made its appearance. Its doctrines, its religious motives, its itinerant polity, were all the subjects of bitter denunciation, its progress was in every way hindered, and its evangelical successes looked upon even as disastrous to the Master's cause. It is only within the last half century that "wisdom has been justified of her children" in the eyes of our Christian brethren, and that a change has begun to come over their judgment in regard both to the orthodoxy of her faith, and the providential adaptation

of the polity of the Methodist Church to the work of rapid evangelization. Her revivals have been found to be permanent. The converts at her altars have been welcomed into the communions of the sister churches, and their established Christian character has justified the effectiveness of their conversions under Methodist instruction.

In three-quarters of a century our churches have been everywhere constituted, exhibiting the unmistakable fruits of the Spirit in holy lives and active charities. Religious institutions have been established, out of the penury and self-sacrifice of the early churches. Her ministry has been educated, without lowering her standard of doctrine or seriously modifying her discipline. Her members have illustrated the reality and earnestness of the Christian faith in all stations in life. By constant intermarriages and the natural family changes in denomination, by the call of ministers from our pulpits to theirs, by the introduction of our religious modes, and now by the formal acceptance of our interpretation of the doctrines of grace as orthodox, while the creeds of the Calvinistic Congregational churches have not materially changed, the churches have, certainly, in Christian appreciation and fraternity, come very near to each other.

The criticism to which the church of former years was exposed did not harm her. It did not hinder her progress. It sifted her converts and kept her membership always militant. With the social opprobrium that rested upon her, only the most earnest of her converts escaped the force of the social tide drawing them towards the more popular churches. The novelty of her modes kept her congregations full, and her revivals were continuous. With all her losses, her growth has been marvelous in numbers, in education, in social cultivation, and in wealth. Certainly, up to this hour she has not lost her evangelizing power, or forgotten the wretched and the poor, or failed to inculcate holy and consecrated lives.

But the circumstances around her now are very different. The size of her membership renders the effective management of the body, as a militant host, more difficult. It is far less easy to make a working home missionary of every convert. The work in the local churches has become so onerous that it is more difficult to find opportunity to break out into the surrounding districts. With the increase of wealth, while money may be, and is largely, consecrated to great Christian purposes, it brings on special cares and temptations, and really burdens rather than inspires the church in many instances. Thank God! there are hundreds, however, who are fervent in spirit as well as diligent in business, serving the Lord, and who not only consecrate their substance, but their services, also, to the Master's cause. From the fact that the incident sacrifices of the itinerancy have been largely removed, by the better salaries and comfortable parsonages provided, the old heroic, untiring, undivided, self-sacrificing surrender to the work of the ministry is more rarely seen. There may be said to be not simply a temptation, but a tendency, to make the pastorate a simple round of duties, with little enthusiasm or earnestness in its discharge. Let us thank God, once more, that, even in our day, there are those whose holiness of heart and life is not exhausted in high profession, but is meekly exhibited before the eyes of all men in the unconscious, but conspicuous, forgetfulness of themselves, and in incessant and supernatural sacrifices and labors in the Master's vineyard. In Africa at this moment, in India and China, in our frontier States, and in our home-fields as well, a rejoicing self-renunciation and incessant evangelical services can be found among the ministers and lay laborers of our church.

All this, however, does not weaken the effect upon a sensitive heart of these very Christian words of the friendly observer, looking upon us from another religious communion. We confess to a mingled feeling of grief and humiliation as we read them. All that is said about the early church of our denomination is true without qualification. All that is said will find its illustration in many individuals and in many local churches at the present time. But no thoughtful New England pastor can read these warm words without feeling his blood tingle in his veins, and a blush involuntarily rise to his cheek. Such we ought to be. Such is the standard of our faith and consecration. Such the Master calls and expects us to be. Such, in our early consecration, many were. But how far short of these paradigms many of us fall! Singularly enough, just after reading the article, one of our most earnest and laborious ministers called at the office. He had a burden on his heart. He had been called to sing and pray with

an invalid member of another Methodist church in the same city where is his own charge—a lady of conspicuous social position. For more than a year no pastor had crossed the threshold of her home. The daughter, a cultivated young woman, had begun to feel, for lack of positive instruction, that another communion would afford her better spiritual nurture. This brother minister, in the revelation made by several such instances, had come to feel that some of our preachers had forgotten their religious vows, had lost the spirit of entire consecration to their work, and were too much taken up with other matters somewhat foreign to the pulpit and pastoral office. Perhaps he generalized too rapidly. These instances may be less common than he feared. But certainly, in the light of these literal pictures of other days, held up before us as a mirror by the friendly hand of a minister and teacher of another Christian family, there is a call upon us to recover the old paths and emulate the piety and consecration of those, who, having fought a good fight, have gained the crown, and now form a part of the great cloud of witnesses with which we are "compassed about."

A POET ON PREACHING.

One of the most pleasing things in the delightful biography of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, is the constant evidence which it affords of the deep religiousness of his nature, and of his sincere and simple faith in God. He was a regular attendant at divine service on the Sabbath, and frequently noted in his journal the impression produced on him by the sermon. Some of his remarks are quite suggestive. On June 17, 1848, he writes: "A hot day, and a hair-splitting sermon from Dr. W. He ought to have lived in the days of Thomas Aquinas. To me, a sermon is no sermon in which I cannot hear the heart beat." A week later he says: "Dr. Walker preached a good sermon; in which he said it was useless to apply the reasoning faculties to things beyond their jurisdiction and in the realm of the affections. Bravo, for a philosopher!" At another time the discourse is "a good, Christian sermon, but too logical; or, rather, too full of logic." Another note is: "I think—has found his true vocation, for he preaches with heart and affection." Yet again he says, under date of Sept. 6, 1857: "Chandler Robbins preaches; a good discourse on the Gospel, and with unctious, without which a sermon is not a sermon." It is evident that "a great intellectual effort" in the guise of a sermon would not have seemed like real preaching to this big-brained and great-hearted hearer, unless all his thought had blazed with emotional fire from a burning heart. He was charmed with Horace Bushnell's Phi Beta Kappa oration on "Work and Play," which he describes as "fresh, original, poetic;" but when he heard him try to explain the Atonement in a long discourse to a graduating class of theological students, "before five minutes, I was quite bewildered."

He did not object to plain, practical preaching. He says: "I rather like Fast Day sermons, as they are more bold and outspoken than Sunday ones." A timid sermon was distasteful to him: "—preached on conscience. I could not tell what he was driving at, except that he seemed desirous not to offend the congregation. He seemed to think conscience, on the whole, a very good thing; but that it was dangerous to act up to it. For my part, I maintain that there is no middle course."

He gives a pretty picture of the English Quakeress, Priscilla Green: "She spoke with a sweet voice and very clear enunciation; very deliberately, and breaking now and then into a rhythmic chant, in which the voice seemed floating up and down on wings. I was much interested, and could have listened an hour longer."

He admired Father Taylor, and took Charles Dickens to hear him. Ten years later he records in his journal: "Walked to town with Miss D. to hear Father Taylor. There he was in his little brick 'Bethel,' thundering away to the sailors; just as ten years ago, when I went to hear him with Dickens. He inclines now a little more to 'screeds of doctrine,' and is perhaps less poetical and less nautical than of yore. His sermons give an idea of the field-preaching in the Middle Ages."

"The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for his fold,
That has the vessel for his fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spoke with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the heart
Of the sailor's heart."

All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With the restless undertide,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course."

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Another very unpleasant struggle in our eastern waters has been precipitated by the abrogation of the international treaty with the Canadian authorities in reference to the free introduction of fish into our ports and the privilege of security for the Canadian harvest. The Canadians now forbid, upon severe penalties, the fishermen from purchasing bait, and have seized several vessels upon the allegation that they had illegally secured it. On the other hand, our eastern senators and representatives hold that, by the ordinary courtesy of friendly nations, and by express treaty stipulations with England, our vessels have the right to enter the Canadian ports, and sell their cargoes and purchase whatever is offered to them for sale. In view of the seizures already made, they propose retaliatory legislation, forbidding the fishing vessels of our neighbors from selling their fish in our harbors. Just now the excitement in our fishing ports is running high. The government is blamed for not moving more rapidly in asserting and defending American rights. The trouble, however, can only be temporary. The two governments of England and the United States cannot possibly be long divided over such an issue. The merits of the case will soon be made to appear, and justice will be done in the premises. There will be temporary inconvenience and some serious pecuniary losses, but if these are unjustly occasioned, the government will see to it that claims for reparation are amply enforced.

The North End Mission, which was started many years ago, in the very centre of the sin and wretchedness of the city, under the supervision of Dr. E. Tourje, and which in all these years has accomplished a blessed work, is now being threatened by the sin and wretchedness of the city. The mission, which is a noble and substantial building last week. The ladies of the mission, calling to their aid their friends, young and old, gave, during the afternoon and evening of last Wednesday, what is called a "Dairymaid's Festival." One of the most prominent features of the afternoon was the graceful movements of the hundred young ladies in charming costumes, which any dairymaid might have envied, with milk pails on their hands, or held above their heads. Their marching and counter-marching, with characteristic singing and instrumental music, awakened the enthusiasm of the crowds that filled the hall. The ladies of the mission, a very fine sword drill by the officers of the High School regiment, the classic exhibitions of Prof. Kelley's pupils, with singing of the children of the Mt. Hope Home, gave an extended and varied programme, which was greatly enjoyed by those present. Refreshments were served in a lower hall. The whole affair was a great success. Several thousand dollars were thus very pleasantly added to the funds of this deserving city charity.

In view of the success of political criminals, with abundant means at their command, in escaping punishment, the public read with some surprise, and not a little gratification, of the agreement of the jury in their verdict of guilty in the case of the New York alderman, Jaehne, indicted for bribery. Extraordinary efforts were made in vain by his lawyers to keep him out of the State Prison, to which he was sentenced for between nine and ten years. He has already reached there, and is rendering himself useful in the laundry. The address of Judge Barrett, before pronouncing the sentence, was one of the most scorching that we have ever read. It is an honor to the American judiciary, and a wholesome lesson for the vicious municipal officials of the cities of New York to be taught. He alluded tenderly to the tears of the criminal's family, but pictured in the most graphic manner the enormity of his crimes in view of the sacred trust which had been committed into his keeping, and the brazen iniquity of which he and his official conspirators had been guilty. It is to be hoped that equal success will attend the efforts of the other members of the board now under indictment.

Friday was Tree Day at Wellesley College. This festival takes the place of Class Day in other colleges. A memorial tree is planted, and the closing class exercises of the graduating class take place near to it; followed by somewhat similar, but rather antipathetic, exercises by the freshman class, just concluding its first year. This is purely a college day; and the public is only invited to the entertainment of the friends of the college participate in the very entertaining services of the occasion. This permits a little more indulgence in pleasant fancies as to costumes on the part of the classes. Sometimes these are remarkably quaint, as last week we were startled with a veritable band of Indians, bearing the just popular title of the "Norman Conquerors." The freshmen class had a very neat uniform, the sophomores and juniors subscribed the cost of such an outfit to purchase articles of use or ornament in the much-loved President's new rooms in Norumbega Cottage, which was a charming thing to do. The seniors appeared in very graceful Oxford robes and caps. The literary exercises were of a high order of merit. There were no unusual allusions to college life and discipline, such as we hear on some class day occasions. The sentiments were playful, sometimes pathetic, always appreciative of the officers and opportunities of the institution, showing marked intellectual ability, and with an excellent moral flavor as a crowning grace. The day itself was perfect. The foliage never was richer. The green turf was like velvet. The winds were silent, so that the voices of the speakers could be readily heard. It was a "sun of Asteritis," investing the noble academic halls and all the fair scenery with a golden atmosphere.

We have referred several times to the notable undertaking of the Christian Literature Company of Buffalo, to give, at a greatly reduced price, a much better edited edition than we have heretofore had, of the works which have survived the perils of the centuries, the earliest Christian Fathers, commencing with disciples of the Apostles themselves, and extending to the Council of Nicea. These volumes are issued in excellent style, under the editorial supervision of Bishop A. Cleveland Cox, D. D., for three dollars a volume. Even to those who have mastered Patristic Greek, this careful translation and well-illustrated edition of all that is of any practical value in these venerable writings, will be a relief and a fully adequate collection for reference. Six volumes have now been issued; the sixth having just come from the press of Rand, Avery & Co., Boston. With the exception of Methodius and Ambrosius, and two or three other minor writers, this volume presents the remains of the great Alexandrian Fathers. This noted city of Egypt was, for many years, the great seat of Christian learning, and its episcopate was the head of the Christian Church. The controversies into which these great Bishops entered were with

both pagan foes without and serious heresies within. The ultimate settlement of the latter has given us the generally accepted creeds of the evangelical world. The student in ecclesiastical history finds in these writings many of the familiar positions taken by modern theologians and entered as new discoveries in the attempt to solve the mysteries of the world's redemption by the Son of God. Many of them were anticipated nearly two thousand years ago. There will be eight of these volumes to complete the series. They are rendered all the more valuable by the copious index which is found in each issue. In connection with this series, the enterprising publishers have commenced the preparation, under the able editorship of Dr. Schaaf, of the works of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers, to open with the works of St. Augustine. These will be issued in the same good style, and at the same price (\$3). As these books are sent out at intervals of several months, it affords our students in theology and Christian apologetics an excellent opportunity to gather gradually into their libraries a series of permanently valuable works. These volumes are only sold by subscription, and can be obtained by addressing the publishers in Buffalo, who send them, carefully defended, by mail.

The meeting of the Social Union on Monday evening, May 17, was one of the pleasantest, in many respects, of the season. It was held in the spacious dining hall of the United States Hotel. Although nearly two hundred were present, all had seats at the extended tables. There were over two hundred members of the Union, and new applications are made every evening, making larger accommodations indispensable. The supper was ample and well served. President Shepard presided with his accustomed grace. The chaplains of the evening were the pastor of Tremont St. Church and the editor of Zion's Herald. The evening of the dining hall was started by the singing of two hundred Methodist brethren, of the favorite stanzas of Charles Wesley, "O, for a thousand tongues to sing," of the tune of Northfield. Rev. Dr. Olsen, of the Swedish Mission, gave an interesting account of the growth of the work in Boston, and made a pathetic plea for aid in building a much-needed small chapel. When he carried his subscription paper round, he will not meet with denials. Prof. M. D. Buell gave the chief intellectual contribution of the evening. What he saw in Palestine, he made all his hearers to see also, in a way not soon to be forgotten. His lecture was both instructive and very entertaining. The comfort of the large assembly room and the opportunity of a sitting posture were greatly relished by the members, and it is hoped the succeeding meetings may be as generously accommodated.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

As was expected, Prof. Timothy Dwight has been elected, by a unanimous vote of the trustees, to fill the presidential chair of Yale College, made vacant by the resignation of the eminent scholar and Christian philosopher, Dr. Noah Porter, who has so successfully filled it for so many years.

A London letter of May 21 says: "Missionary Houghton, who, with his wife, was murdered by natives in the River Tanja district, East Africa, belonging to the Methodist denomination." This family was not one of Bishop Taylor's company, but, we believe, was connected with our brethren of the Free Methodist body. Africa has been enriched by much martyr blood, but none is lost; it is fruitful seed of a certain harvest.

A very successful hearing before a legislative committee occurred at the State House last week, upon Senator Morse's bill for the extension of the "age of consent" to eighteen. There was but one side to the question. The preservation of immature childhood and youth from the power of mature vice was powerfully advocated by some of our leading men and women, like Dr. Dureya, Mrs. Freeman Clarke, W. H. Baldwin, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Howe, and Miss Tobey. Senator Morse summed up the testimony at the close, and there can be little doubt as to the report of the committee, or the action of the Legislature.

The editorial page of the *Christian Secretary*, published in Hartford, Conn., was devoted last week, to hearty and very interesting letters of congratulation to Rev. Dr. S. D. Phelps, its editor, upon his reaching his seventieth year. It is certainly an event worthy of recognition where one grows old both gracefully and fruitfully, and this is true of our venerable conferee. We bear to him, from the outer circle of appreciative readers of his excellent paper, our sincerest wishes for his continued life, and happiness, and usefulness.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, last week re-enforced its episcopal bench with four new Bishops. The exercises of consecration were particularly impressive. Bishop McTearney presiding the sermon. The names of the new Bishops are: W. W. Duncan, of South Carolina, Charles B. Galloway of Mississippi, E. Hendrix of Missouri, and Joseph Key of Georgia.

Few names were more widely familiar among us than that of the late Dr. D. D. Lewis, and the announcement of his death, at Yorkers, N. Y., last Friday, came upon his friends in this vicinity with startling suddenness. As the teacher of hygiene and science and lecturer upon the laws of health, and as a practical writer upon these themes, he has been well known for years. He was but sixty-three. Born in Auburn, N. Y., he received his medical education at Harvard, and for some time had a very popular ladies' school, where physical training was given a prominent place in the curriculum, in Lexington, Mass. He was an enthusiast in nature's laws, but his earnestness was guided by eminent good sense.

The Baldwin Place Home had a very successful annual meeting last Thursday evening, at Tremont Temple. The appearance of the children, their singing and speaking, awakened great interest in the audience. Addresses were delivered by the acting president of the meeting, Mr. James B. Richardson, by Rev. Smith Baker, of Lowell, and by the newly-appointed superintendent, Rev. V. A. Cooper. The latter showed his eminent fitness for, at least, the public advocacy of his important charity, presenting in an able and persuasive manner the history, good fruits, the present plans, and the claims of the cause which had so lately been committed into his hands. We trust the collection gave good evidence of the favorable impression made by the evening's exercises upon the audience.

We have been asked within a few days where a good Christian summer school for young children could be found, and just at this moment comes an answer:

"Three hours on the Eastern Railroad, and an hour by private conveyance, brings one to Riverside Cottage, the residence of Miss W. F. M. Society, who proposes to receive a limited number of pupils, giving to them all the benefits of a healthful Christian home—care, discipline, and instruction in music, drawing and painting, with opportunity to attend public schools, or to receive private lessons at home if preferred. Address Miss Lelia Waterhouse, Newfield, Me."

Rev. R. H. Howard gives an interesting account in the *California Advertiser* of the conversion of the late lamented Dr. C. L. Goodell, of St. Louis. It occurred at the Methodist Church in Burlington, Vt., while he and Mr. Howard were students at the Vermont University, under the labors of the Evangelist Redfield, whom many in New England will recollect. The revival extended to the college, and twenty-five or thirty young men were converted, most of whom became ministers.

Boston University occupies so large a territory, that it has been found impracticable to have a Baccalaureate service on Sunday without occasioning a very undesirable amount of Sunday travel. To obviate this difficulty, it has been decided to give this year the experiment of holding this interesting service on Convocation Day, Tuesday, June 1, in Jacob Sleeper Hall, at 2 o'clock. Admission will be by ticket only, applications for which should be made at the Registrar's office, 12 Somerset St. The Baccalaureate address will be delivered by President Warren.

Conference visitors to the School of Theology are desired to meet at 12 Somerset St., on Monday p. m., May 31, at two o'clock. Oral examinations will occupy the afternoon and the following forenoon. Official visitors coming from distant conferences and needing entertainment are requested to write at once to Professor M. D. Buell, assistant dean, and on arrival to report at 12 Somerset St.

Everybody interested in Boston University anniversaries should turn to our column of notices and mark the growing list. And let us not forget that the graduates' exercises will be held in Tremont Temple on Wednesday, June 2, at 2 o'clock p. m. Write for a ticket if your student friend fails to send you one.

Bishop Mallieu writes in a private note from West Point, Miss.:

"We—Dr. Gillet, Rev. Davidson of East Ohio Conference and myself—are in this beautiful town of Mississippi. Have had within the last thirteen days thirty different meetings. I have spoken or preached over twenty times. Have seen a wonderful work of God. In an hour and a half (3 p. m.) I set out for a hundred-mile buggy trip into the special car of the Mississippi River Railroad. We met again next week at Memphis."

We receive, as we go to press, the affecting family announcement of the death of Rev. John Paul Cook, president of the Methodist conference in France. He died May 2, aged 60 years. He was a noble man, not only on this side of the Atlantic, a faithful pastor, a consecrated Christian, and an eloquent preacher.

The telegraph announces the death, in Berlin, Prussia, of the venerable Leopold von Ranke, the historian of the Popes, and the writer of a whole library of additional historical works. He was born five years before the commencement of the present century, and has preserved his intellectual vigor up to the last. Our own historian, Bancroft, with whom he was a familiar correspondent, wrote next to him in age, probably among the living great historical writers of the time.

The *Bangor Whig and Courier* has the pleasant personal notice which we copy below. This paper bears to our esteemed friends their hearty congratulations and best wishes:

"Rev. A. S. Ladd, the pastor of the Pine Street Methodist Church, and Miss Helen A. Osgood were united in marriage last evening at the residence of the bride's father on Elm Street. The ceremony occurred shortly after eight o'clock in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties. It was performed by Rev. C. J. Clark, D. D., pastor of the Pine Street Methodist Church, Portland, and a very warm personal friend of Mr. Ladd. Miss Osgood is one of the most highly esteemed young ladies of our city, and has been very prominent as a vocalist. During Mr. Ladd's year's pastorate here he has become very popular with his society and outside of it has also made hosts of warm friends."

That noble and eloquent representative of the lately oppressed race in our land, Frederick Douglass, esq., is making a visit in Boston, as grateful to himself as to his many friends. We well remember hearing him in his prime, when the cause he advocated was not as popular even in the free-loving New England as now. The theme of his lecture, that old Puritan hero and martyr, John Brown, would not have met so responsive a reception thirty years ago. It was an eloquent, discriminating and interesting portrait of the man, his ominous struggle at Harper's Ferry, and the marvelous incidents attending his death upon the scaffold. Age has whitened the orator's head, but his form is as straight and commanding as ever, and his eye has not lost its ancient fire.

Patrick Ford, of New York, in his paper, the *Irish World*, presents a most appalling picture of the famishing condition in the west of Ireland. In a large and pathetic illustration in his sheet the poor, starving people are represented as gathering seaward to save themselves and their children from dying of hunger. This condition is assured by numerous and unquestioned statements from many reliable witnesses of the prevailing distress. In such a case there is no opportunity for the suggestions that naturally rise to the lips. The one thing to be done is to hasten assistance. Any sums, large or small, will be thankfully received by Mr. Ford, 17 Barclay St., New York, and will be forwarded at once to their destination, to be distributed by judicious hands.

Rev. Dr. Spencer writes thus encouragingly:—

"The tide again flows toward us. The spring Conference in the West with two slight and unimportant exceptions, have already reported an advance over last year, and have paid over the money to the treasurer. The actual receipts of money from Conference collections for Church Extension of the entire church for seven months, beginning Nov. 1, 1884, compared with receipts for six and two-thirds months commencing Nov. 1, 1885, show a net gain of nearly five thousand dollars, with eleven days to hear from. Four other sources of revenue also make a gain, assuring us of a handsome advance. If the pastors of the fall Conference would immediately order the Song Services, and give us in each charge a separate collection, we would almost certainly double our donations to the frontier and to the poor in every part of the republic."

Hon. T. W. Bicknell, in behalf of the American Institute of Instruction, offers a premium of \$60 for the best drawing, plans, and specifications of a school building for a graded school. The building is to accommodate four hundred pupils. It must not cost over \$30,000, and may be of brick or wood. In its structure special reference must be made to health, comfort, light, heat and ventilation. Its exterior must be attractive. The designs must be ready by June 1. The committee are Alice E. Freeman, Ph. D., W. A. Robinson, and Thos. W. Bicknell. Address 3 Somerset St., Boston.

The Young Men's Christian Association had its anniversary last Sabbath evening, unaccountably crowded with an eager audience. The Denning showed excellent work, and marked progress during the past year. Interesting and effective addresses were made by Pres. Woodworth, Dr. Kendig, Rev. Emory J. Haynes, and Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis.

The anniversary services at LaSalle Seminary the present season promise to be of special in-

terest. The Baccalaureate sermon, on Sunday, June 13, will be preached by Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D. D., now of Lockport, N. Y., for many years the greatly esteemed head of the institution. The former pupils will be specially happy to enjoy once more his able services in the pulpit. Dr. J. H. Vincent delivers the address to the class on Commencement day, June 16. It will, of course, be a great treat to be there, as we hope to make one of the audience on the occasion.

Periodicals and Pamphlets.

We are indebted to some polite member for a copy of the Minutes of the St. Louis Conference of 1886. It was its eighteenth session, and occurred in Warrensburg, Mo., last March, under Bishop Harris. The document has been prepared with care, and is admirably arranged.

The *Expositor* (English) for May, published in this country by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, has a contribution from Capt. Conder upon "English Explorations in Palestine;" a paper upon "The Book of Zechariah," by Dr. Dods; one from Dr. Westcott upon "The Epistle to the Hebrews;" from Prof. Kirkpatrick on the "Second Book of Samuel;" by Principal Edwards upon "Testament or Covenant;" by Dr. McLaren on "The Final Tests of the False Teaching;" by Dr. Salmon on "Recent Literature on the New Testament;" and notes by the editor.

Cassell's Family Magazine for June continues its serial stories; and has an instructive illustrated paper upon the "Crucifix of the Spiritists," showing the fruits of sea dredging. It has a pleasant paper upon "The Garden in May;" a story of "Goss & Sons;" a word from the family doctor; an illustrated notice of Mr. Froide's "Oceana;" "Stocking Darning;" an instructive paper, with engravings, upon "The Bodleian Library;" "What to Wear;" "A New Peep at Old Florence;" and "The Gatheer."

Some one sends us a copy of the *Aurora Star*, published in Aurora, Nevada. The editor promises to issue a "reliable and attractive paper," and hopes to receive "a fair share of patronage and personal and political assent," which he expects to merit. Rev. Ira P. Hale, who probably was a New England man, is local editor. The paper records the death, with words of kindly commendation, of Mr. Oliver Kinball, a native of Massachusetts, aged 69.

The *Sanitarian* for May opens with the discussion of "Internal Disinfection in Cholera," by Dr. Piper. Dr. Salmon has a paper upon "The Virus of Hog Cholera." A report is given of a sanitary conference at Howell, Mich., in March, of the Ohio Sanitary Association, at Columbus. Dr. Reed has a valuable paper upon the propagation of hereditary diseases, under the significant title of, "Who is Responsible?" There is a very practical and useful paper upon "Sanitary Plumbing and House Draining," as also upon "Food and its Relation to Disease," with articles upon "Impurities in Water," "Defective Vision in Children," and an able Editor's Table.

The thoughtful paper read by Prof. Geo. F. Comford, Dean of the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University, upon the place of "Modern Languages in Education," before the American Philological Association, in 1872, and afterwards published in *Scribner's Monthly*, has been issued by G. W. Bardeen, of Syracuse, N. Y., in a beautiful pamphlet. The essay is a strong presentation of the comparative value of the modern over the classic tongues in the education of to-day. We should not say less for the former, but more for the latter, as an element of intellectual training and development.

The *Magazine of Art* for June, Cassell & Co., New York, has for its frontispiece a fine rural picture of the coming summer—"The Hay Wain." Rev. W. J. Lottie contributes an illustrated article upon "Gullford"—a fine old town near to London. There is a sketch of the artist, Alexander Cabanel, with portrait and pictures. The other articles are: "Some English Caricatures;" "The Romance of Art;" "The Cottage Countess;" "Driving Horses in Hungary;" "Celtic Metal Work;" "Poems and Pictures;" "Artist and Artisan;" "Japanese Homes;" "A Royal Artist;" "Needlework as Art;" "A Lady of Germany;" with Chronicles of Art and American Art Notes.

Wilbur B. Ketchum, 71 Bible House, New York, has issued, in a neat pamphlet, the sermon delivered by Bishop Hurst on the Sabbath at the late session of the New York Conference. It was so well appreciated by that body that its publication was requested. Its topic is, "The Success of the Gospel and the Failure of the New Theologies." It presents, in a very impressive and instructive manner, the obstacles in the way of Christianity at its origin, and its successive and supernatural triumphs, in its present form, from that hour to the present. The Bishop gives a most encouraging outlook for the Christian Church at the present time. The sermon will prove an inspiration to the readers, as it did to its hearers.

COMMENCEMENTS.

Boston University.

Monday, May 31.

College of Liberal Arts: Reception to the senior class by Hon. and Mrs. William Claflin, LL. D., Newtonville.

School of Theology: Conference visitors meet for an evening at 12 Somerset St., in Room No. 8, Jacob Sleeper Hall; chapel exercise at 2:15; examinations from 2:30 till 5:15; conference visitors and theological professors meet in Room No. 8 for informal conversation from 5:15 till 5:30.

Convocation Day, Tuesday, June 1.

School of Theology: Examinations continued, 9-12 o'clock. The Conference visitors meet to perfect their report at 12 o'clock, in Room No. 8.

Baccalaureate address to the graduating classes of all departments, by President W. F. Warren, in Sleeper Hall, 12 Somerset St., at 2 o'clock, p. m. The graduating classes meet in the chapel before at a quarter before two.

Annual business meeting of the University Convocation at 3:30 o'clock in the University Chapel, 12 Somerset St. A proposal to modify the voting system will be considered.

Alumni Association of the School of Theology. Business session and dinner, 36 Bowdoin Street, at 4:30 o'clock.

The Family.

GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.

BY ELIZABETH A. BLOOD.

LUKE 9: 13.
Our Saviour in His lowly, human guise,
With untired hands and overflowing heart,
Fed all within His reach who would receive
The heavenly bread and His eternal life.
The hunger of the world did pierce His soul;
He had compassion on the multitude,
For some were famishing and felt it not,
And none could understand how poor they were.

As He who knew the boundless wealth of heaven,
Unsparring as the true physician's steel
When nothing but the knife can heal the hurt,
As sweet and tender as an angel's kiss
In all His ministries to loving ones,
A little while He blessed the sorrowing world
And set the truth a-shining in its dark,
And then so quickly went; but not until
His own were charged to carry on His work.
And still so solemnly the word comes down
To us: "If thou dost love Me, feed My lambs,
And feed My sheep."

There's no evading this
Most sacred trust; the feast is free and full—
As freely ye receive, so freely give.

Lord Jesus, from Thy bounty infinite
We take the living loaf and pass it on!
And praise Thee as we find our nourishment
While serving as Thou didst in humbleness;
And bless Thee that the cheer runs never low,
For ever as of old it multiplies
Till more is left than all is given away,
And we are full and strong and glad in Thee,
The never-fading fountain of our joy,
Whose richest gift is power to feed Thy flock.
—Bangor, Me.

THE NEW ENGLAND S. S. ASSEMBLY.

BY REV. W. R. CLARK, D. D.

The prospectus of the New England S. S. Assembly at South Framingham is just issued, announcing it for July 14-28. These fourteen days will furnish, in the truest sense, relaxation of mind and body, and the stimulus as well, for all those seeking vigorous work. The pervading air of the place—that of quiet appreciation of the things which are quite phenomenal for such a large gathering. In it are blended an intellectual, moral, social, and spiritual life which none can share without being elevated and re-inspired for nobler living.

The helps which young people, especially, are now craving to keep them abreast with the hour, and demanded by the earnestness and gravity of practical life, in this age of unparalleled mental activity and utilization of forces, will here be afforded in great variety and by eminent specialists.

THE NORMAL DEPARTMENT, as heretofore, will furnish courses of thorough training specially for Sunday-school teachers, and will embrace five grades: 1. The children's class for boys and girls—a course in Bible construction, history and geography. 2. The intermediate class for the older young people—a course of lessons on "Old Testament Characters." 3. The primary teachers' class—a course adapted to needs of primary teachers. 4. The normal class—a course of lessons on Bible study and Sunday-school work. 5. The advanced normal class, in which will be taught the second year's studies of the Assembly Normal Union.

The instructors announced for these departments are Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. A. D. Dunning, Boston; Prof. R. S. Holmes, A. M., New York; and Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, Philadelphia.

THE LECTURE PLATFORM will furnish twenty lectures on as many live questions of the hour and by some of the best talent in the country, as is shown by the following names, among others announced: Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., Bishop R. S. Foster, D. D., L. D., President W. F. Warren, D. D., L. D., Rev. Alex. Mackenzie, D. D., Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D., Rev. Newman Smyth, D. D., Rev. E. E. Hale, D. D., Mr. Geo. W. Cable, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Ellen Foster.

THE C. L. S. C. will have a prominent part in the programme. A series of Round Tables will be held, to promote the enjoyment and acquaintance of the members. A feature of great interest will be a series of Previews by Prof. R. S. Holmes, on the course of reading for 1886-7. The annual camp-fire, with songs and addresses, will be held on the evening of Recognition Day.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT will be under the direction of Prof. W. F. Sherwin, of the New England Conservatory, thus maintaining the high standard heretofore attained. The grand chorus usually numbers about 250, and all who can read music are cordially invited to join it and receive daily practice in oratorio choruses, English glees, etc.

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT has always been a marked characteristic of the Assembly. The consecutive study of the Bible, systematic religious instruction, prayer daily, opening the public exercises at the stand, the crowded 6 o'clock morning prayer-meeting, both occasion and attest a profound sense of God's presence and blessing.

The season admission ticket to this feast, represented by the foregoing programme and costing \$4.00, will be only \$2.

THE BOARDING DEPARTMENT this year will be in charge of T. D. Cook, the well-known Boston caterer, whose reputation is a sufficient warrant for competent waiters and good fare at popular prices. It will be conducted on the European plan, so that all parties can make their board cost them just what they may choose.

Dr. Vincent, Bishop Foster, and it is expected, Bishop Mallieu, will speak on Denominational Day, when it is

hoped there will be such a representation of Methodism on the occasion as will be worthy of the name, and that new denominational enthusiasm will be kindled. The Chautauqua idea was born of Methodism. Why should she not be proud of her offspring, rejoice in its growth, and through it strive for a higher life and nobler work?

Programmes free of charge, and other information, may be had by sending to Samuel Cochran, superintendent, Lake View, South Framingham, Mass.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY MRS. ORED NICKERSON.

In Newburyport, where the New England Conference was lately held, boys and girls have probably equal school advantages now; but an item which I read awhile since, reminded me that once it was not so. The girls of that town, about ninety years ago, made a request to study geography. "O yes," was sneeringly replied, "you want to be men, and go to sea."

I do not refer to this, thinking Newburyport was more conservative on the question of female education than other places, but to show how the sex was estimated. We laugh at such things now, and wonder they could ever have been, but by and by we shall laugh and wonder that even as late as 1886, with all the light and progress of the age in some departments, women were still classed with fools and lunatics in reference to suffrage, and were allowed no voice in the government, although it distinctly states that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, and that taxation without representation is tyranny.

This last point is the more emphatic, as the country went through an eight years' war in vindication of the doctrine, and it is still sacredly held in regard to men. I have in mind now an article by W. I. Bowditch, which I saw in the *Woman's Journal* last month, which shows that it is far otherwise with women. It says: "Brookline, in its town record of 1883, gives the tax of one woman as \$10,599.75. Her money really did more for the support of the town than that of any or either of the very wealthy men in town, and who were not one whit wiser, or more generous, or more public-spirited. She paid more to secure good roads, good street lights, good drains, good police, good town officers, than thousands of men in town, and yet, about none of these things could she vote, though abundantly competent to form a good judgment upon all of them. The only subject upon which she could vote, was choosing a school committee. Even on the subject of schools, she had no vote in determining the amount proper to be appropriated for educational purposes, and no power to vote about making school-houses healthy. She could not vote on the question of license, and had no voice in the selection of the town officers who had the appropriating of her money for town purposes."

What woman would not have considered himself outraged, if he were thus denied all control of his tax money, and could have no voice in the management of town affairs, and more than that, in those of State or nation? But woman is thus debased, and no one has ever given a sound reason, or one that could stand the test of argument, why it should be so. She can be counted as citizen when it would swell the representative vote for man, and she is allowed to vote almost any way and everywhere, for the particular and general good of society and the nation, except where it would make the results of much of that work most effective—at the ballot box!

But the world moves, and woman will soon take her place of equal right in the government of the country, and then will temperance, purity, and other reforms which our land so much needs, be brought to a more successful culmination, and ours will be in a new and fuller sense "the land of the free."

South Haverick, Mass.

OUT OF SIGHT.

When the hill-sides are flushed with the pink of the laurel,
And green are the meadows where lambs are at play,
Mid snow-drifts of clover, and blush-blossoms of sorrel,
There's beauty broadcast on the fair summer day.
In the distance the mountains are purple and hoary;
And nearer, the valleys are sweet in the sun,
Earth turns a new leaf in the brilliant old story,
Which ever is telling, and never is done.

But always, my heart in the midst of the splendor,
Goes roving afar from the beauty I see,
And sighs, with affection ineffably tender,
Flits swift as a pinion of bird or of bee.
To pause in the clefts never trodden by mortal,
To climb to the heights where the morning is born,
To rest, like a pilgrim at ease, in the portal
Ajar for the lark soaring up from the corn.

There, swinging their censers, and lighting the altars
In gloom or in grandeur, built only for God,
Where winds are the minstrels, and mountains the psalmers,
Sweet, sweet are the flowers which sprinkle the sod.
There, facing the sky when the tempest is over,
And strong with resistance to whirl and to shock,
The pine to the sun lifts the look of a lover,
With head heaven-tossing, and roots in the rock.

Brave beauty, alone for the Lord and His angels;
How quiet and soothing the lesson it brings!
A heart-chord struck out from the best of ev'ngs,
A strain for the soul which in solitude sings.
No child of the Father should ever be dreary,
Nor slip from the blessing, the gladness, the light,
For God and the angels will never grow weary
Of guarding and keeping what blooms out of sight.

—MARGARET E. SANOSTER, in S. S. Times.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY MARIA BRUCE LYMAN.

Mrs. Drake sat alone in her beautiful parlor. She was dressed in a rich robe of black velvet, with costly laces. She held in her hand a book, in which she seemed absorbed. Soon, however, she was aroused by the plaintive cry of a child. At first she tried not to be disturbed by the sound, but as the cry became louder and seemed like one of real distress, she rose, and pushing aside the folds of the heavy damask, she saw a little boy about three years of age, sitting upon the doorstep of her house crying piteously.

Mrs. Drake was called by her neighbors a thoroughly selfish, worldly woman. While this was to some extent a fair estimate of her character, yet there was in her heart one tender, loving thought for children. One beautiful boy gladdened the early part of her married life, who, when only three years of age, was stricken by disease, and all that affection and wealth could suggest and supply could not save this idol of his fond parents, and he was taken from them by death.

During the four years which had passed since their Charles died, Mr. and Mrs. Drake had tried to forget their sorrow by entering into all the gaieties of the city, and selfishly forgetting the many little ones they might make happy, never thinking that all their wealth was the Lord's gift, and that some time they must give an account of the way they used it.

There was something about the cry of the little stranger which forcibly reminded Mrs. Drake of her own little Charles, and at once she stepped into the hall and opening the door she asked:—

"Why do you cry, little boy?"

The child instantly turned and ran up the steps, saying in a trembling, grieving tone:—

"I've lost my Aunt Anna."

"Well, come in, child, and tell me about her," Mrs. Drake replied, as she led the boy into the parlor and took him on her lap. She noticed that the child was dressed with care and neatness. The little jacket turned away in front showed a linen waist of pure white, and the little skirt was of the finest wool. She took off his cap, and running her fingers through his golden curls, she asked: "What is your name?"

"My name is Charles. Mama let me come in on the cars with Aunt Anna, and I lost her. Don't you know my Aunt Anna?" asked the child, bursting into fresh sobs.

"No, dear, but perhaps we can find her. Tell me where she left you."

"Oh, 'way off. She went in a house and told me to sit on the doorstep till she came out. I ran down to see a little dog, but I couldn't see the house. Oh, dear, I want to go home!"

"Where is your home, dear?"

"'Way off on 'team cars! Don't you know my papa?"

"No, Charles, but I will take care of you till your papa comes."

"Will he come?" asked the child, brightening up.

"I think so; you can wait and see my little dog and have a good time here."

For a time Charles forgot his grief playing with the little dog and eating some nice things which Mrs. Drake had brought to him. All the time she was thinking of her own lost boy and trying to devise some plan by which she could keep this beautiful child, so like her own Charles. When Mr. Drake returned, he was startled as he heard the pattering of little feet coming to meet him, for Charles ran toward the door at every sound, hoping to see his own papa coming for him. Mrs. Drake explained to her husband how she found the child, and added:—

"I shall keep him; he is ours now, for he came to me, and I shall again be happy."

"But he will be advertised, and his parents will make every effort to find him."

"Yes, but we will not look in the papers, and never seeing any notice of where he belongs, we shall be doing right to keep him and treat him as our own."

Strange to say, Mr. and Mrs. Drake did not think of the grief of those who were suffering such suspense in the loss of their child, but planned together to keep him if possible and to conceal him from all who would know of the lost child. They talked of a home abroad; anything which would enable them to keep the child, they were willing to do, for they had not the love of God in their hearts. Selfishness reigned there.

Charles was full of grief when he was told that it was bedtime, but Mrs. Drake comforted him with the assurance that his papa would come for him in the morning. So he consented to be undressed, and Mrs. Drake took from the drawer a little night-gown and put on him, telling him of her own little Charles who used to wear it and sleep in that little bed. Then kissing him, she said:—

"Now go to sleep, Charles dear."

"Why, I haven't played!" exclaimed the child. "My mama always hears me play."

"Well, then, I will hear you."

So Charles, with closed eyes and clasped hands, began: "Now I lay me down to sleep," when he suddenly looked up and exclaimed: "My mama says I may ask for what I want. I want to go home, so I guess I'll ask Him that: Please, God, I want to go home. Do let my papa come for me. God bless papa and mama and Aunt Anna, and this good lady! Amen."

Tears were rolling down Mrs. Drake's cheeks, and as she turned away to conceal them, Charles said: "You haven't said your prayer; mama always plays after I do." Mrs. Drake was troubled. She had long neglected prayer, and she was now reminded that she had never prayed with her little boy. Seeing her hesitancy, Charles asked in a piteous tone:—

"Don't you know how to pray? Didn't your mama ever teach you how?"

"Oh, yes, dear, she taught me, but I have not been good since she died, I fear."

"Why don't you be good?"

"Well, dear, you shall stay here and teach me."

"But I can't want to stay here. I want my mama, and I know my papa will find me, 'cause God will tell him where I am."

And with this thought, so full of pure child faith, Charles soon fell asleep.

(Concluded next week.)

"ASK."

BY IDA HINMAN.

"If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it."

The happiest mortal on this earth is he who can pray in faith, for he rests securely on the promise that all things are his, both for this world and the next. Such a one is never in the shades of despondency; he is free from the anxiety and care that harass the doubting Christian. He is a wonder to all who know him, and well he may be, for he is in the exercise of the highest power of his being. In true prayer the human soul reaches its highest capability; no loftier action is possible.

By prayer the finite communes with the Infinite, and is able to move the Infinite. It is not strange that the unbeliever cannot understand this. There are few doctrines taught in Scripture that are more wonderful than that puny man can move the Arm that moves the world. Yet this is clearly taught and examples given over and over again of the faithful who through prayer have prevailed with God. "Elias," we are told, "was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain." The prayer of the faithful has even caused God to change His plans. More than once was the Lord about to destroy the children of Israel when the prayer of His servant Moses stayed His wrath.

By the prayer of faith the Christian is brought into complete oneness with God. However dark the world around him may seem, he knows there is light beyond and all is working out right. What is apparently a strange, discordant sound, is only a transition chord leading to deeper, sweeter harmonies.

God not only deigns to be moved by the petitions of His children, but He urges them to make all their wants known to Him. They can ask for nothing so great as to be beyond His power of giving, nor can there be anything that affects them so small or insignificant as to be beneath His notice. Anything, no matter how trivial, if it can cause the Christian a moment of anxiety or sorrow, is of enough importance to make a subject of prayer. And thus every earthly trial may be mitigated.

Then prayer is limited to no time or circumstance. In the midst of the hurry and bustle of every-day business life, the Christian can send up a prayer to the throne of God as quickly as an electrical flash. He can, as it were, hold telegraphic communications with heaven, send up a prayer and instantly receive assurance that it is heard. Oh, unutterable are the comfort and happiness, and the strength and courage for every-day life, that prayer brings to the Christian! This gracious privilege is not for the favored few alone, but for every child of God. Christ purchased it for them by His death. Come, then, and "ask anything," not because of your own merit, but in the name of Him who bought this privilege for you with His blood.

A LITTLE PATCH OF GROUND.

There was, among the fields of earth,
A little patch of ground
Which loving hearts held precious,
And tender hands led round—
A small brown patch, with naught to show
Save a weed here and there;
But it proved a triumph-ground, won
By kindness and care.

Frost sealed it down in safe, close warmth,
Till the cold passed away,
Then genial showers fell softly,
And the sun shone all day,
And deft hands turned it over,
And treasures green and gold
Were given for it to hold.

And through the summer, beautiful
Was that same patch of ground,
For fragrant flowers, and rich, ripe fruits,
And golden corn were found.
And over it the glad birds sang,
Their merry hymns and lays,
And near to it the hearts of men
Poured forth their Master's praise.

And, best of all, He came to see
The patch of ground prepared,
And His eyes noted the green spot,
And knew how it had fared;
And smiled the gentle Master then,
For He saw what love had done,
And crowned the workers with the words:
"My faithful ones, well done."

To each of us the Master
This plot of ground has given,
So let us try to make it
On earth a bit of heaven;
With hands that are most diligent
Let us work on till night shall bring
Reward, and peace, and rest.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian World*.

LABORERS' WIVES.

There is a class of people in this country who get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and who never get back to bed until 10 or 11 o'clock at night; who work without ceasing the whole of that time, and receive no other emolument than food and the smallest clothing; they understand and slaving of every branch of economy and labor, from finance to cooking; though harassed by a hundred responsibilities, though driven and worried, though reproached and looked down upon, they never revolt, and they cannot organize for their own protection. Not even sickness releases them from their posts. No sacrifice is deemed too great for them to make, and no incompetency in any branch of their life is excused. No essays or books or poems are written in tribute to their steadfastness. They

die in the harness and are supplanted as quickly as may be.

These are the housekeeping wives of the laboring men. It is they who get their husbands' breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning, get the children off to school, do the washing, ironing, baking, sewing, scrubbing, sweeping, and marketing, caring all the while for the babies and doing the mending after the husband lies snoring. They go to bed, but hardly sleep, for nursing children often draw their life from them all the night long.

What leisure or enjoyment for them? What chance for improvement or uplifting? And what do they think of the eight-hour movement? They think it means that the calico they now buy for 5 cents will cost 8 cents by and by; that the coal will soon be 87 and 88 a ton, and that the pittances out of which they now buy these will be less before long. It is a pleasure to them that their husbands will have two hours' more leisure? If the men stay at home during that time, the chances are the wives will be reproached for what is deemed neglect, and that some of the children will be whipped. Will the husbands fetch coal, or black the stoves, or take the washing from the line, or go to market? Not for one day out of the 365. They will irritate them with their criticisms, will make the children unhappy, and then leave for some place more suited to their selfishness. It sounds hard, but it is true, and many women know that it is true. They know that there will be two hours less in which to earn money and two hours more in which to spend it. They know that their burden will be no lighter and in patient cynicism they await the result.

Are those women striking for eight hours? Have they a union to which they can appeal against the cruelty of their taskmasters? Are eloquent voices raised in their behalf? Are there any laws enacted for their benefit? Are there any prominent journals advocating their cause? What would their husbands say if these women turned out on strike and voted to work but a certain number of hours per day and demanded that a more righteous division of the income be made hereafter?

They would doubtless say it was midsummer madness. Is the picture over-drawn? Do or do not these women receive their share? Is working fifteen hours a day, cooking over hot stoves, scrubbing over washbasins, exposing the body to every change of our fickle climate, bearing on an average one child a year, and making both ends meet after the rent is paid and the husband's beer money is spent, in return for food, clothing, and shelter, voluntarily out of work and in their best clothes, do they find themselves bound to employers by a tie that could not be dissolved, while their work was made a thousand times more laborious and the hours nearly doubled?—*Chicago News*.

Our Girls.

HOW HER PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

BY KATE S. GATES.

CHAPTER II.

He was surprised to find Annie's letter awaiting him; surprised, and also a little vexed, though he would not have said so; but somehow he did not want to think of the folks at home to-night. So he put the letter in his pocket unopened, and tried hard to forget all about it. He lingered at the table as long as he could, and then went into the parlor to wait until Ingalls came. He would not trust himself to go upstairs alone; just now he did not want to think much, he did not intend to let he could help it. Something told him that his decision was a weighty one, and far-reaching in its results; something told him that he was making a dreadful mistake, and yet he would not think less of himself to be changed.

He seemed to himself to be standing where two paths diverged: the one was lonely, rough and unattractive, the other so pleasing and tempting, but leading, he knew in his inmost heart, away from God and the dear ones at home—leading to destruction; but for all that it was the one that he meant to take.

He wished that Ingalls would come; he kept thinking of Annie's letter. What if some of them were sick, and she had written for him to come home that night perhaps?

"Pshaw!" he said impatiently to himself, "what a fool I am!" But he could not shake off the fear.

"I'll just open it, and see if they are well, and save the rest for to-morrow," he said at last.

But it was only a card, and he read it all with one glance:—

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The card dropped from his hand as though it were a hot coal.

Aye, what should it profit him if he did gain riches, ease, pleasure—all the things he coveted so—if the price he paid was his soul's salvation? Almost it seemed to him, a she stood there, that Annie stood by him, and pleaded with him. He remembered their last talk, and his many resolutions—how utterly he had failed in carrying them out!

"I wish that I could go back to that night!" he said to himself.

But there was no going back like that. Again the two paths seemed opening just before him—which should he take? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Ralph Wilson gave an unmistakable start, the words rang so clearly in his ears.

"What on earth are you thinking about, Wilson? I've been here five minutes I should say, waiting for you to come out of your brown study. It's time we were off."

"I guess—I won't go to-night," said Ralph hesitatingly. "I don't feel remarkably well, and guess I'd better stay at home and rest," he added quickly, as he caught a glimpse of a smile

flitting over his companion's face. "Pshaw!" was Ingalls' reply. "You are not going to get off that way; it will do you good. You are much too sensible a fellow to stay at home and mope; so come on."

Again the two paths seemed so plain

ly before him, and the words of warning rang clearly in his ears; but the tempter was at his side, and again Ralph closed his ears to the warnings, and listened only to the tempter's voice.

"What's the harm, after all? Why not go to-night, and if you find there really is any danger, you need not go again. Besides, how the fellows will poke fun at you if you don't go!"

Three minutes later Ralph and his friends were going down the street arm in arm, the one with a heavy, burdened heart which he vainly tried to hide, and the other fondly exultant that he had triumphed over the better impulse of his companion.

And miles away in that little country home a loving sister's heart was going up in earnest prayer for her absent brother. Was that prayer unheard, unheeded, unanswered?

Once having come to a decision, it seemed that, like Pharaoh of old, Ralph hardened his heart, and would not harbor any good impulse for an instant. Never had he been so wild and reckless as he was to-night.

"I am right glad you came for me, Ingalls," he said. "I don't know what got into me, but I needed waking up badly. A fellow hasn't but one life to lead, and he might as well have a jolly time of it. I mean to, anyway, if I can."

And in his heart Ralph Wilson was deliberately trying to silence that still, small, pleading voice.

"When I get to be an old man I'll try that sort of thing," he said to himself. "Now I'm bound to have a good time."

It was only a little pebble. A merry, careless boy on his way down street after the evening mail, had stopped for a moment to talk with a friend, and had rolled it from the curbstone to the middle of the walk, never once thinking that that little act of his was of the slightest importance, or that the little pebble, in God's hands, was to be the means of saving a soul. Ralph did not see it, and somehow, as he stepped upon it, his ankle turned. There was an exclamation of pain first, followed by one of dismay and vexation when he tried to walk. God had heard and was answering. A way of escape from temptation was opened. Ralph was held back for a time from taking the path he had so recklessly chosen to enter.

It was only a slight sprain, but it necessitated a few days' rest, and as he lay there in his enforced quiet, Ralph Wilson fought the battle of his life. He came out of the conflict weak in himself, but stronger than ever before because now he rested in the Mighty One.

"God helping me, Annie dear," he wrote, "I will strive now, first and last of all, to be a true, Christ-like man. You don't know how wonderfully I seem to have been stopped—held back; I knew that I ought not to go that night; I felt that it was a critical time with me; but I would go. God mercifully interposed, and held me back. I think it was in answer to your prayers."

MAMIE.

BY REV. M. L. BRUCE.

The weary feet of our Baby May
Laid the tender feet of our Baby May
To the endless rest of the dear home-land.

In his arms of love, on his tender breast,
He gently fondled our darling one,
And with bleeding hearts we said, "Tis best."

And murmured softly, "Thy will be done."
Bradford, Vt.

The Little Folks.

JESSIE'S GREAT FRIGHT.

It was about a very small kitten that Jessie's great fright came. And I must tell you first a little about those kittens. If you could only have seen them as they were brought in from the barn in a basket! Four of them, lying on a piece of old carpet with their old mammy—a purring and giving once in a while a motherly little "Mmm!" when they stirred.

"Four babies!" exclaimed Jessie, in great delight. "I wonder if she's four times as happy with them as you are with me, mamma?"

Mamma thought not, as she gave Jessie a hug and a kiss just where the pretty little curls parted on her forehead.

AN APPRECIATED LEITER.

Boston, May 8, 1886.
REV. N. D. GEORGE—DEAR SIR:
About twenty-five years ago you performed the marriage ceremony for myself and wife. In acknowledging the fact that the knot was well tied, I enclosed a marriage fee. I see you write for the HERALD, and you might acknowledge the receipt by writing an article proposing that those who celebrate their silver and golden weddings, remember the minister.

Very Respectfully,
Don't mention my name.

This letter came to hand the 10th, containing two five-dollar bills, and old, torn and dirty ones, but nice, new and clean, so that while surprised, no alarm came lest the small-pox should be taken while handling them. This money came in the right time, as all money seems to if it comes at the right time. The last payment from the Preachers' Aid Society was all gone, and several weeks would have elapsed before more would come from that source. What shall we do to meet our necessary expenses before the next payment comes? This question was under discussion in the family. The letter was passed to my wife, and seeing the contents, she had a cry over it, as she said the Lord was so good to supply all our needs. I came pretty near having a wet eye, but turned it off with a laugh. It is easy to see the Lord in the sunshine, but not always so easy in the storm. It was a sort of "painfully pleasing" occasion. It was pleasant to receive such a token even from an unknown hand, yet there is a little agony of mind over the injunction, "Don't mention my name." But how can I mention a name I do not know? But this recent trouble has been endured more heroically than it otherwise might have been, had I not become somewhat accustomed to such events. Similar tokens have come from other persons, not because I married them, but for other considerations. A letter came with ten dollars in it, the donor stating that he had derived benefit from my services, and instead of a name, he referred to Matt. 6: 3. I took my Bible, and turning to it, found it reads thus: "Let not thy right hand know what thy right hand doeth." This was all the satisfaction I ever obtained so far as the name is concerned.

Through such afflictions I have been called to pass, and should more of the same class arise, I will, grace helping, endeavor to bear up under them. I infer from this letter that the author has a good wife. If she had been a slattern or a vixen, or possessed of any other disagreeable traits, he never would, after suffering with her a quarter of a century, have sent the one who tied the knot a second marriage fee. I should like an introduction to the lady. But I see that would never do, as I then should learn the name of her husband, which, of course, must be kept a secret. This gift indicates a generous nature. He never, when he was married, turned the minister off with a peck of beans or a "counterfeit half-dollar." In a town in Maine where I preached fifty years ago, a Congregational minister married a couple. The man bore a blither name. It was Wormwood. He tied five copers up in a bit of paper and passed them to the aged divine as a marriage fee. Ever after he was known in that region as Five-cent Wormwood. Of out-sight friend is not of the class of men I have named. Of this I am quite sure. Another thing: He reads ZION'S HERALD. This is a good trait in his character, for the constant reading of a good religious paper has a strong tendency to improve the heart and life. And now, in accordance with his suggestion, I would urge upon all who have silver or golden weddings, or commitments who may get them up, whether "on the fly" or otherwise, to remember the minister who "well tied the knot." Thanks to the kind donor for his token of remembrance of me, and may all of us concerned in that wedding twenty-five years ago so avail ourselves of gospel benefits that we may attain to that world where they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," but are as the angels of God in heaven!

N. D. GEORGE.

Obituary, Mass.

LETTER FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

The following letter from Mr. Bennett, a former member of Lynn Common M. E. Church, is a reply to a box of goods sent to Salt Lake Seminary, Utah, by the W. H. M. S. Mr. Bennett is a native member of the M. E. Church in Salt Lake City, and an earnest Christian worker in the church and Sunday-school. He heads the list of class-leaders in that church.

Dear Sister NEWELL: The box arrived last night, and I hasten to inform you, and to speak of some of the happiness it has brought. Let me go back and remember some things as to the needs of our "Home" that caused me to solicit aid in its behalf. The principal of the school is a devoted Christian man, and an ordained minister. He was chosen to preside over the school with a residence for the students. When Prof. Griffin arrived here, he found things had been drifting considerably, and nothing done to make the Home attractive, and he thought it best for the church's welfare that it should have some money expended on it. He, with a large heartedness and best of nature, gave about \$350 himself for the work, and being a poor man with a family, you see how much he has distressed him. But he never complained, and it was through Mrs. Spurlock, who was representing a missionary branch of work here, that I was attracted to something, she having already done much to furnish some of the rooms.

The reason I bring all this up again, is to have you know just who is being directly benefited, and then that a fine school controlled by the M. E. Church (as the other schools are by their respective churches), means the advancement of our cause. The pastor has his regular work, the teachers theirs, and all are co-operative in the one cause. Now you have seen the extra fine goods in the right time. They are contemplating furnishing a room especially for a student for the ministry. They want to do it, but knew not where to get the necessities. They have arrived just when most needed. There are happy hearts in the

"Home" to-night, and if you could know the feelings of love that our people here have for the Lynn Christians who have helped so much, perhaps you would feel proud.

I am requested to say that they send you the most heartfelt thanks for your assistance. The things are just what are needed, and your good deeds will be kept in everlasting remembrance. A name will be printed and placed over the door with an inscription containing the names of the donors, and the room set apart as a missionary legacy of the Lynn Common M. E. Church.

This is a hard place in which to work for the Master. The atmosphere is unlike any eastern town. Protestant Christians do wrong things, and hinder the work. The Armenians lose many of their members, but they are mostly lost forever, for they seem disgusted with religion after leaving that church, and drift into Spiritualism and Infidelity. Most of my acquaintances here have been brought up in the influence of this terrible evil of Mormonism, and the children of apostate Mormons are to be managed in Sunday-school. Their former homes when in that theocracy are adjusted to the awful customs of this church, and though many give it up and come into the M. E. Church, yet the other one has left scars, and they are hard to obliterate. I meet fine-looking girls and boys, and young women and men, who cannot read or write.

If you were to come to Utah, the first thing you would notice would be how foreign everything looked and seemed to you. It is not the same feeling one has living in the United States; for really I feel like an American citizen over in Sweden or England. The majority are ignorant "Hinglishmen" and Swedes or Norwegians.

Great excitement has prevailed here at times since I came, and the last was the arrest of George Q. Cannon, the second in authority here, nearly the first in practice, but the second in name. He was arrested, and while on the train coming from Nevada he jumped and fell on his face, bruising him quite a little. He was let out on bail of \$45,000, and when wanted for trial he was to be found. The money will have to be paid, although they are holding back greatly. So the thing moves. The leaders preach to the masses to live their religion and God will see them through, that they skip when they are wanted. Our Governor has been returned, but I think we will have a good successor.

Once more I desire to thank the W. H. M. S. of the Lynn Common M. E. Church for their liberality and Christian charity. May God bless you all, and may we see results daily of the efforts put forth to God's will on earth as it is in heaven.

Your Friend, FRED BENNETT.

Obituaries.

[All obituaries are now limited to a maximum of forty lines each. For every line exceeding this number twenty cents is charged.]

Sister SARAH RINKS, the oldest member of the Lafayette Street M. E. Church in Salem, Mass., died at her home, April 23, 1886. She was born in 1809, and reached the ripe age of more than 77 years. At the age of thirteen, her parents moved to Marlborough, where she was converted to her young womanhood. Returning to Salem, she joined the Methodist Church when it was so little and unknown that its feeble membership had no church, but worshipped in a small hall. She followed the fortunes of this devoted church to the city of Lowell, where she was true and faithful to those troublous days when they were compelled to give up that church and locate in the city of Lowell. Through the faith and labors of the church on Union Street, in which Sister Rinks shared largely with her chosen people, a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit came, a precious and constant revival for years resulted in a strong and aggressive church. The church outgrew its accommodations, again moved and built the Lafayette Street church in 1853. She not only led her own husband to Christ, but also many others who afterward became prominent characters in the church. The writer of this article met her in the church in 1855 as a constant, self-sacrificing worker for the cause of Christ, a woman of undaunted spirit, who not only never worried nor became discouraged, but who gave great encouragement to her co-laborers by her enthusiasm. She moved in the lumber walks of life, she had little to do with affairs, but was of rare wisdom and looked to as a safe counselor.

She was a devoted Methodist; she ruled her household in the fear of God. "Tough useful in life and full of interest for her beloved church to the last, she was ready for the Lord's messenger when he came. She attended communion the first Sabbath in April. She spoke a word of cheer to the writer, and called him a "good looking fellow," and devotion to the service in the Lord's house, and as if conscious that it was the last time, she smiled in benediction upon him and those who gathered near. In a few days pneumonia seized her feeble frame, and after a brief struggle with the earthly life, she peacefully closed her eyes. She spoke freely of her coming deliverance. "I am trusting in Jesus," were some of her words. "His grace has been sufficient for me three many years, and He does not fail me now." Her sufferings were intense, but the agony of death quieted her mind, and she passed peacefully after her spirit departed and rested as a seal of beauty on her face.

At her request Brother L. Crowell, D. D., conducted the funeral services.

JAMES F. ALMY.

LETTER FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

The following letter from Mr. Bennett, a former member of Lynn Common M. E. Church, is a reply to a box of goods sent to Salt Lake Seminary, Utah, by the W. H. M. S. Mr. Bennett is a native member of the M. E. Church in Salt Lake City, and an earnest Christian worker in the church and Sunday-school. He heads the list of class-leaders in that church.

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studies I cannot describe. His latest days were silent; he left no dying testimony but that of his life, which is sufficient. His complete record is on high.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ATKINS, widow of Rev. John Wesley Atkins, a member of the Maine Annual Conference, who died several years since, departed this life, May 7, 1886, aged 80 years.

Sister Atkins was converted when a girl of eleven. There were born to her eight children, all of whom she has lived to bury except two—a son and a daughter—who live to cherish the memory of a loving and consistent Christian mother. Sister A. shared with her husband the joys and trials incident to an itinerant's life while in the active work of the ministry, and for the thirty years of her widowhood she has maintained her Christian integrity, caring with tender solicitude for the children under her care.

In her last days she was not joyous, but her trust was in her Saviour, and when she bade adieu to this world, it could truly be said of her, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." They may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

M. C. PENDLETON.

Mrs. AMANDA RAY, widow of Calvin Eaton, was born at Bethel, Vt., June 11, 1808, and died at Taunton, Mass., April 1, 1886.

In 1834, with her husband, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Concord, N. H., during the pastorate of Rev. Geo. Storrs. Most of her days were spent in the ministry, and her husband was laid to rest in the cemetery of that church. A few years of her life were spent in Hanover, N. H., and there her husband became regular Methodist headquarters, class-meetings being held weekly, and attended by "Methodists" of the neighborhood. She had been a subscriber of ZION'S HERALD all the time of her church membership, excepting two years, and during the last years of her life she felt that she could not get along without it, and was very conscientious about paying her subscription the day it came.

She loved God with her heart, and in the last years of her life was very religious in her attendance upon the Sabbath services, though compelled to carry her walking stick for support. Her husband died in 1861, and she was left a widow. Her husband was a member of the Central Church, Taunton, and we soon learned to esteem her as a mother in Israel.

G. W. H.

ISAAC BAILEY STICKNEY, daughter of Wm. W. and Nida B. Stickney, of St. Louis, Mo., and granddaughter of Rev. John Bailey, a prominent minister in the Maine Conference, died at St. Louis, Jan. 3, 1886, aged 11 years.

Nida was a mental prodigy, having special talent for music, poetry and elocution. As she was, her poems possessed rare merit as to sentiment as well as rhythm. As a violinist she was a true and accomplished musician. In her early years she was a member of the large number of friends who had known her for many years past, were addressed by her as long-time acquaintances and friends. Rev. Sullivan Holman, though but a few months a member of the Central Church, Taunton, yet we soon learned to esteem her as a mother in Israel.

G. W. H.

JOHN LANGDON ADAMS died at Franklin Falls, N. H., April 23, 1886, aged 78 years and 5 months.

He was converted at the age of fifteen and united with the Free Baptist Church. Marrying young, he became the father of nine children, the mother of whom died at the age of fifteen. After her death he united with the M. E. Church, which was a member at the time of his death. He was during the last years of his life a member of the "Fighting Fifth" of New Hampshire, and since the war closed found a home among his children, for nearly ten years he lived in the household of his son, John W. Adams, Jr., who was a member of the M. E. Church at Concord, N. H. His children buried him at Bradford, N. H., their grief at his death being assuaged by his parting assurance that with him all was well.

N.

DR. S. T. BIRMINGHAM.

Native Botanic Physician.

(Formerly of Cambridge, Mass.)

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CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

WILL'S REMEDY

Has stood the test of 30 years as one of the best remedies for Catarrh, Rheumatism, Gout, etc. It is a powerful and vigorous as I can expect. I am free from disease and pain and am attending to much of my business as if I were only fifty years old. As to medicine, I mean, I do not call this drug exactly a medicine; certainly not in the sense that I mean. It is a powerful and vigorous as I can expect. I am free from disease and pain and am attending to much of my business as if I were only fifty years old. As to medicine, I mean, I do not call this drug exactly a medicine; certainly not in the sense that I mean. It is a powerful and vigorous as I can expect. I am free from disease and pain and am attending to much of my business as if I were only fifty years old. As to medicine, I mean, I do not call this drug exactly a medicine; certainly not in the sense that I mean. It is a powerful and vigorous as I can expect. 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The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, May 18

The bill to make Springfield, Mass., a port of entry, vetoed by the President.

The cattle disease reported as having broken out in Maine.

The Cincinnati Art Museum thrown open to the public.

Failure of three large Louisville firms for heavy amounts.

Celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Dennyville, Me.

Heavy frosts reported in the West.

Resignation of Col. Roland G. Usher, warden of the Massachusetts State Prison.

The Queen regent of Spain gives birth to a son.

Great rejoicing throughout Spain.

Offer of three thousand men of the London Volunteers to join any army put in the field by Ulster.

The fishing schooner "Ella M. Doughty," of Portland, Me., seized at St. Anne's, C. B., for buying bait.

Wednesday, May 19.

The oil markets in a state of panic, owing to a failure in Pittsburg.

Vote of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners not to ally itself with the Knights of Labor.

Three men drowned in Fisher's Island Sound by the capsizing of a boat, and another passed a night in the water.

Mr. Edward H. Amundson elected president of the American Protective Tariff League.

The Queen consents to a dissolution of Parliament, but wishes it postponed until August.

Death of Vice Admiral Don Patricio Lynch of the Chilean Navy.

Thursday, May 20.

Presentation to Wellesley College of the statue of Harriet Martineau, long in the Old South Church. The ceremonies to take place in June.

Passage by the legislature at Albany of the bill providing for the reduction of the New York board of aldermen to fifteen, to be elected on a general ticket.

The schooner "Jennie and Julia," of Eastport, Me., obliged to put back from Digby, N. S., through threats of seizure.

Re-assembling of the Greek chamber of deputies at Athens.

A bloody war in progress between native tribes on the Gold Coast, western Africa.

U. S. Minister Cox the recipient of distinguished honors in the Sultan's palace at Constantinople.

Friday, May 21.

Prof. Timothy Dwight elected president of Yale College.

Alderman Henry W. Jaehne, of New York, convicted of bribery in connection with the Broadway railroad franchise, sentenced to nine years and ten months' imprisonment.

Eugene Taylor, a farmer in Deerfield, Mass., poisons his infant child, and then attempts suicide.

St. Etna in a state of violent eruption, threatening neighboring villages with the fate of Pompeii.

The anniversary of Gen. Lafayette's death affectionately celebrated in Paris.

Saturday, May 22.

Death of Dr. Dio Lewis, at his home in Yonkers, N. Y.

Practical end of the strike, in this city, for shorter hours.

A reception given to Frederick Douglass and wife at Cambridge, Mass.

Machine removed to Sing Sing and put to work in the laundry.

Evidence presented to the grand jury proving that the Chicago anarchists have been a year planning a riot. Three leaders indicted.

Formation of a peace ministry at Athens, under Triplicis. Sharp fighting reported on the frontier.

M. de Lesseps confident of completing the Panama Canal by 1889.

Sunday, May 23.

The 35th anniversary of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association observed yesterday.

Much damage done throughout South Carolina by the floods, caused by a great rain.

Death of Charles Robinson, of Lexington, father of the Governor.

Marriage, at Attleboro, of ex-Gov. Long.

Arrest of four anarchists in St. Louis, Mo.

Death of Leopold von Ranke, the German historian.

A trace effected between the Greeks and Turks.

Arrival of the British gunboat "Lily" in Canadian waters on the fishery protective service.

Refusal of Don Carlos to acknowledge the sovereignty of the infant King of Spain.

Messrs. C. A. Smith & Co., 18 and 20 School Street, always lead in the novelties of the season. No house in the city have counters more attractively loaded with the most desirable fabrics for gentlemen's wear. The variety of cloths, both in the peculiar make and shades of color, cannot fail to suit all tastes. Give them a call.

Those of our readers desiring a carriage or a family vehicle of any kind should examine the large and elegant stock now on exhibition at the warehouses of Messrs. Ford F. French & Co.

B. A. Atkinson & Co. submit a few facts to the housekeepers of New England which they will find to be of much interest to them and to contain much solid truth. This house does the largest household business of any in New England. Their customers do not have to climb any stairs, as they have an elevator to every floor, thereby making the selection of goods a comparatively easy matter. Furthermore they deliver all their goods free to any station in the New England States.

Jointless straw matting looks equally well on both sides. Call and see it at John H. Pray, Sons & Co.

A young man, just ready for college, of superior ability, desires to obtain a position as tutor in some family by the seaside or elsewhere, for the months of July and August. For further information, address Professor O. W. Scott, East Greenwich, R. I.

Mr. Lucius R. Hazen, of Middletown, Conn., writes us he has back numbers of ZION'S HERALD from 1832 to the present time. Many of the years complete. If any of our readers would like to procure them, Mr. Hazen will dispose of them on reasonable terms.

An unusual opportunity to obtain a fine watch or diamond at a low price is offered in another column, by the reliable house of Geo. H. Morrill & Co.

Many of our readers will be glad to learn that the "Seashore Summer School" is again to convene at Cottage City, in July. This affords a favorable opportunity for recreation and mental culture. The expense of board

will be very moderate. For particulars see advertisement, or address Benjamin W. Putnam, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

Hon. David A. Wells' third paper of the series, entitled, "An Economic Study of Mexico," now running through "The Popular Science Monthly," will appear in the forthcoming June number. The series will close with the fourth paper, and it promises, when completed, to be the fullest as it will unquestionably be the most accurate summary of the real condition of affairs, industrial, commercial, and political, in Mexico, that has appeared since the Mexican War.

The fact that the New England Conservatory of Music uses and endorses the Ivers and Pond Pianos is one of the best testimonies to the worth of these well-known instruments. The system of easy payments announced in another column is of interest to our readers.

Brine & Norcross had a fine trade last week. The knowledge of the great bargains there has got out among the people, and the very pleasant weather has brought them thousands of customers.

We notice that the Advertising Agency of Edwin Alden & Bro., has removed to more commodious quarters than their late ones at the Cor. 5th & Vine Sts., in Cincinnati. They are now on Fourth Street, Cincinnati's principal thoroughfare, where they occupy three floors of a large building, instead of the two they previously filled. We wish the enterprising firm, most cordially, the highest success in their new quarters. We understand that their New York headquarters still remain at 140 Nassau Street.

Among our new advertisements our readers will notice that of Messrs. H. R. Plimpton & Co., 1077 Washington St. This is a first-class house, and an enterprising firm, and all who may be in want of furniture, carpets, etc., will find it for their advantage to make them a call.

Twelve attractive July excursions. - If the vacation tourist is at a loss as to which way to go on a summer jaunt, he should consult Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's admirable July programme. A dozen different trips, varying in length of time from five to twelve days, have been arranged by this enterprising firm. The Adirondack Mountains will be visited for the first time by an excursion party. Among the other places to be visited are Saratoga, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, the White Mountains, Lake George, Champlain, and Memphremont, the Catskill Mountains, the Hudson River, Saguenay River, Lehigh Valley, Watkins Glen, Montreal, Quebec, etc. In addition to the short excursions, there will be three tours of a month each (July 8, July 22, and August 19) to the Yellowstone National Park. W. Raymond, 296 Washington Street, opposite School Street, will be pleased to send descriptive circulars.

Hotel Colfax, Colfax Springs, Ia. - A fashionable summer resort and finest sanitarium in America, 333 miles west of Chicago, 24 miles east of Des Moines. All Rock Island express trains stop there. Will open May 29, for summer of 1886 - that price of caterers, Geo. Christian, manager. Accommodations for 350 guests. Parlor and rooms elegantly furnished. Tables sumptuously provided. Wide open verandas on all sides, and windward admitting light and fresh air. Grounds in the order. Swings, hammocks, bowling alleys, croquet, billiards, and every auxiliary to healthy amusement. Pleasant walks and drives in shady groves. Mineral baths under direction of a competent physician. "Old M. C." water, a great restorer and invigorator. Thayer's Northwestern Orchestra engaged for the season. Informal "Hops" and evening concerts. Good society and congenial surroundings. The temporary abode of cultivated and refined people. Write or telegraph at once for rooms before "THE BEAN" commences.

Ladies often remark that the salesladies at Brine & Norcross, by their polite and courteous manner, afford a good example to be copied by those in most city stores.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Holiness Meeting, in Wesleyan Hall, at 2 p. m., every Monday.

No. 30 Worcester St., every Monday evening.

North Boston District Preachers' Meeting, at Waltham.

Providence Dis. Preachers' Meeting, at East Greenwich, R. I., June 7-10.

E. Conn. Mass. Assoc. at Stafford Springs, June 14-16.

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting begins, Aug. 2.

Salvation Army Camp-meeting, Richmond, Me., Aug. 5-16.

Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting, Richmond, Me., Aug. 10-25.

Wells Camp-meeting begins, Hamilton Camp-meeting, Aug. 16-24.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

BUCKSPORT DISTRICT - FIRST QUARTER.

22, 23, Brookville & 25, 26, Millbridge & Cherryfield, June 1.

JUNE.

5, 6, Orland & E. Bucksport, June 1 (full next week).

QUEEN CONS. - CHURCH, June 1; Seaboard, June 2; Orrington, June 3; Belfast, June 15; South Orrington, June 17; Surry, June 25.

C. E. LIBBY.

BANGOR DISTRICT - FIRST QUARTER.

15, 16, Carmel; 22, 23, Pittsfield; 25, 26, Oldtown, June 1.

JUNE.

5, 6, Dexter; 10, Brownville; 11, Sebec; 12, 13, Dover; 15, 16, Dixmont; 18, 19, Patten; 20, 21, Topsheld, June 1.

JULY.

3, 4, Bangor; 10, 11, Orrington; 12, 13, New Portland; 15, 16, Newport; 18, 19, August 1, Gullford, June 1.

AUGUST.

2, 3, Hallowell; 9, 10, Waterville; 16, 17, Bangor; 23, 24, St. Albans; 30, 31, Lewiston, August 1.

F. H. OSOOG.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT - FIRST QUARTER.

15, 16, p. m., Carmel; 22, 23, p. m., Pittsfield; 25, 26, p. m., Oldtown; 28, 29, p. m., Dixmont; 30, 31, p. m., Patten; 1, 2, p. m., Topsheld, June 1.

JUNE.

5, 6, p. m., Bangor; 10, 11, p. m., Orrington; 12, 13, p. m., New Portland; 15, 16, p. m., Newport; 18, 19, p. m., August 1, Gullford, June 1.

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F. H. OSOOG.

DOVER DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

The first meeting for the Conference year will be held at Rochester, N. H., June 7 and 8, commencing on Monday, at 2 p. m., with the following programme: 1. How can most be done to advance the interest of our people as "Pilgrims" Drunkards? 2. Sabbath School Congress, how to conduct them. Backet, Felt; 3. Sunday Newspapers, Richards, Dismore; 4. Hygiene for the clergy, or how to interest the body and mind and the largest measure of best work from it, Durrell; 5. Intemperance, what shall the clergy do? Jasper, McCall, Tobetta, Hume, Carter; 6. Bishop Foster's "The Outlook of the World," Independent, April 15, 22, 29, substance and critique, Adams; 7. Social meetings-how to conduct them? Fowler, Bartlett, Knott, Allen, G. M. Howard; 8. Characteristics of John's Gospel, French; 9. Wesley's doctrine of holiness, Nelson Howard, Ramsden, Presby, Pillsbury, Chase; 10. How to make Camp Ground most serviceable to the Church? Cole, Stuart, Benson; 11. What shall I read? Parkhurst, Folsom, Love; 12. What can be done to preserve the Christian Sabbath? Downs, Spaulding, Copp, House, Bell, Monday evening at 7:30, lecture or sermon by McGowan. Where topic is assigned to single preacher, thirty minutes; to two, twenty minutes; to three, fifteen minutes; to four, ten minutes; to five, five minutes; to six, three minutes; to seven, two minutes; to eight, one minute; to nine, half a minute; to ten, a quarter of a minute; to eleven, a sixth of a minute; to twelve, a twelfth of a minute; to thirteen, a thirteenth of a minute; to fourteen, a fourteenth of a minute; to fifteen, a fifteenth of a minute; to sixteen, a sixteenth of a minute; to seventeen, a seventeenth of a minute; to eighteen, an eighteenth of a minute; to nineteen, a nineteenth of a minute; to twenty, a twentieth of a minute; to twenty-one, a twenty-first of a minute; to twenty-two, a twenty-second of a minute; to twenty-three, a twenty-third of a minute; to twenty-four, a twenty-fourth of a minute; to twenty-five, a twenty-fifth of a minute; to twenty-six, a twenty-sixth of a minute; to twenty-seven, a twenty-seventh of a minute; to twenty-eight, a twenty-eighth of a minute; 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